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Centenary
First Baptist Church

Plainfield, New Jersey

1818—1918

November 24th, 25th, 1918

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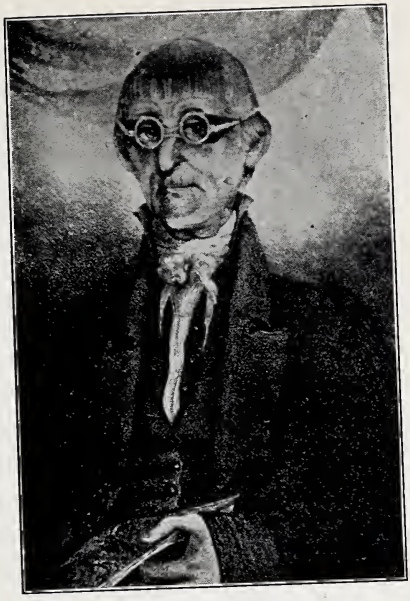
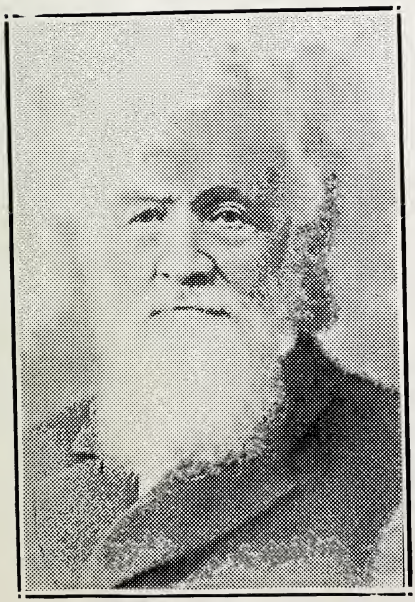
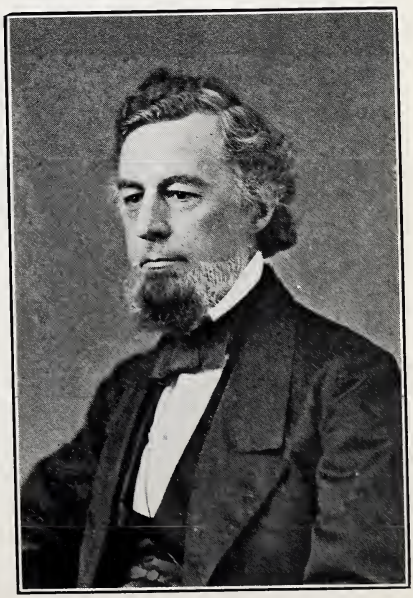


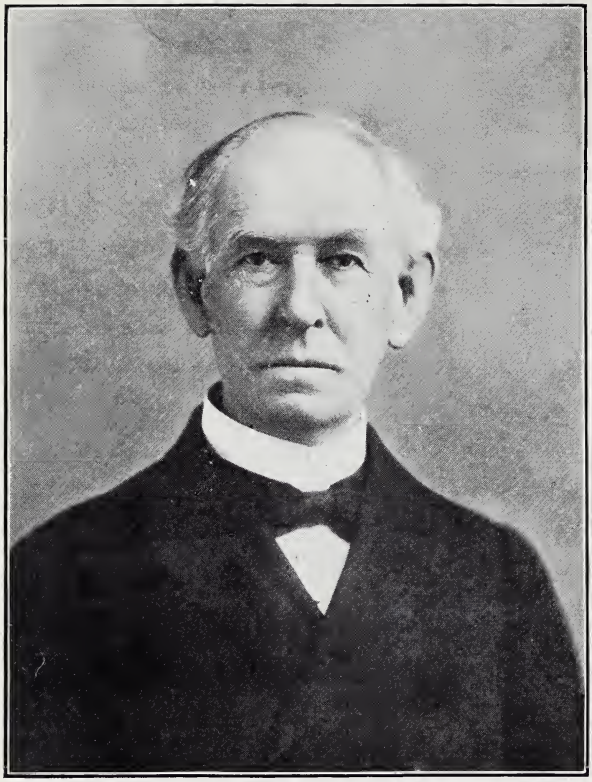
REV. JACOB RANDOLPH
First Pastor—1818-1828



REV. DANIEL T. HILL
Second Pastor—1828-1839

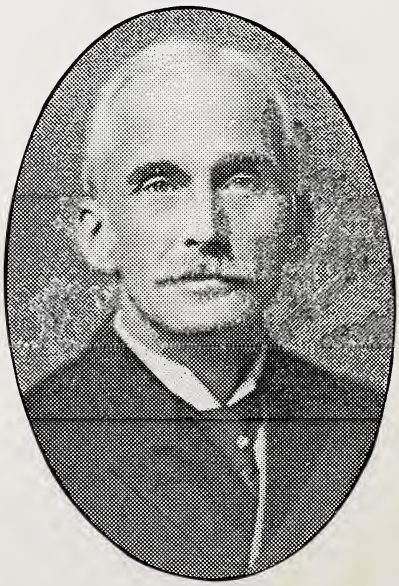


REV. SIMEON J. DRAKE
Third Pastor—1839-1862



REV. DR. DAVID J. YERKES
Fourth Pastor—1863-1903

REV. DR. JOHN H. CHAMBLISS
Fifth Pastor—1903-1911



REV. PHILIP B. STRONG
Present Pastor

FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH

PLAINFIELD, NEW JERSEY.

CENTENARY

1818-1918.

Program for Sunday, November 24, 1918.

Morning Service 11 A. M.

ORGAN PRELUDE

DOXOLOGY

INVOCATION: LORD'S PRAYER

HYMN—"O God, our Help in Ages Past."

PSALM

ANTHEM *Spicker*

Behold, there shall be a day when the watchman upon the mountain top shall cry aloud: "Arise ye, get up unto Mount Zion, unto the Lord your God." For thus saith the Lord:

Fear not ye, O Israel, neither be thou dismayed. Refrain thy voice from weeping and thine eyes from tears; for I, the Lord, am with thee and will save thee. I have loved thee with everlasting love and have redeemed thee. Why criest thou in thine affliction? Why mournest thou in nightly watches? I have redeemed thee. Therefore saith the Lord:

Sing ye aloud with gladness. Thy mourning is turned into joy. I, even I have redeemed thee. Be glad and rejoice. Thy sorrows now are ended and great shall be thy peace.

SCRIPTURE READING

PRAYER—Response, Choir

OFFERTORY—From the "Redemption" *Gounod*

Lovely appear over the mountains
The feet of them that preach, and bring good news of peace.
Ye mountains, ye perpetual hills, bow ye down.
Over the barren wastes shall flowers now have possession.
Dark shades of ancient days, full of hate and oppression,
In the brightness of joy fade away, and are gone.
In this age, truly blest more than ages preceding,
Shall the corn never fail from the plentiful ground;
Under the shining sky shall the lambs gaily bound;
Void of fear, undisturbed, safely shall they be feeding.
Then the timorous doves, wheresoever they fly,
Shall not fear any more the hawk's merciless cry.

HISTORICAL REVIEW *L. V. F. Randolph*

HYMN—(Tune: Alford,—"Ten Thousand Times Ten Thousand.")

O thoughts both sweet and solemn
Borne from the deathless past,
That throng the mind and thrill the heart
With meaning deep and vast!
For though not all remember
Those precious days of yore
They are an inspiration still,
And live forevermore.

What seasons of refreshing
Did God in blessing send;
How many saints before his face
Today in homage bend;
Because by lips now silent
The love of Christ was shown,
And souls were led their Saviour's name
In grateful praise to own.

Lord, may thy servants ever
Throughout the coming days,
Be kept as loyal to thy Word,
The Cross as high to raise;
That when the joyous summons
Shall call to thy right hand,
With golden sheaves before thy throne
They, too, may gladly stand.

And grant, O dear Redeemer,
That none who here have met
To celebrate these gracious years
May their new vows forget;
Nor cease thy cause and kingdom
With honor to maintain,
Till with the ransomed church above
The church below shall reign!

—Philip Burroughs Strong.

BENEDICTION

POSTLUDE

Sunday, November 24, Evening, 7:45

PRELUDE

ANTHEM *Stoughton*

Give ear, O Shepherd of Israel, that leadeth Joseph like a flock; that dwelleth between the cherubim, shine forth.

Turn us again, O God, and cause thy face to shine, and we shall be saved. O Lord God of hosts, how long wilt thou be angry against the prayer of thy people?

Thou feedest them with the bread of tears and givest them tears to drink in great measure.

Give ear, O Shepherd of Israel.

HYMN

SCRIPTURE LESSON

PRAYER

OFFERTORY—Contralto Solo *Allitsen*
"A Psalm of Thanksgiving."

HYMN

SERMON—"Our Debt to the Past and Our Obligation to the Future" *The Pastor*

HYMN

BENEDICTION

POSTLUDE

Women's Meeting ..... Monday Afternoon, November 25, 3 P. M.

Mrs. Martin I. Cooley Presiding

"One Generation shall praise thy works to another." Psalm 145:4.

DEVOTIONAL SERVICE *Mrs. J. A. Powlison*

"FAINT NOT, FEAR NOT." *Young Women's Chorus*

"WOMAN'S WORK—The Story of the Century"

Mrs. B. J. Shreve
Mrs. Charles Smith
Mrs. F. K. Anderson

"BRIGHTLY GLEAMS OUR BANNER" *Young Women's Chorus*

A MESSAGE—From Dr. Rush Rhees, President of University of Rochester

CENTENARY POEM *Miss Margaret W. McCutchen*

Read by Mrs. Charles W. McCutchen

SERVICE OF MONDAY EVENING, NOVEMBER 25, 1918, AT 8 P. M.

PRELUDE

ANTHEM—Te Deum *Buck*

We praise thee, O God; we acknowledge thee to be the Lord.

All the earth doth worship thee, the Father everlasting.

To thee all angels cry aloud, the heavens and all the powers therein.

To thee cherubim and seraphim, continually do cry, Holy, holy, holy, Lord God of Sabaoth;

Heaven and earth are full of the majesty of thy glory. The glorious company of apostles praise thee. The goodly fellowship of the prophets praise thee.

The noble army of martyrs praise thee. The holy church throughout all the world doth acknowledge thee.

Thee Father, of an infinite majesty; thine adorable, true and only Son;

Also the Holy Ghost, the Comforter. Thou art the King of Glory, O Christ, thou art the everlasting Son of the Father.

When thou tookest upon thee to deliver man, thou didst humble thyself to be born of a virgin.

When thou hadst overcome the sharpness of death, thou didst open the kingdom of heaven to all believers.

Thou sittest at the right hand of God, in the glory of the Father. We believe that thou shalt come to be our judge.

We therefore pray thee, help thy servants, whom thou hast redeemed with thy precious blood.

Make them to be numbered with thy saints, in glory everlasting.

O Lord, save thy people, and bless thine heritage; govern them and lift them up forever.

Day by day we magnify thee; and we worship thy name ever, world without end.

Vouchsafe, O Lord, to keep us this day without sin; O Lord, have mercy upon us, have mercy upon us.

O Lord, let thy mercy be upon us, as our trust is in thee.

O Lord, in thee have I trusted, let me never be confounded.

PRAYER

SOPRANO SOLO—"With Verdure Clad." *Haydn*

(*Sung by Request*)

SCRIPTURE

CENTENARY HYMN—Tune: Portuguese Hymn—"How Firm a Foundation"

Our Beautiful Past! It is surely our own—
When God sent the Son from the Heavenly Throne
To rescue the fallen—to succor the weak,
Encourage the fainting and comfort the meek.

Our Beautiful Past—When our martyred ones died!
Through flames they the forces of Evil defied;
Their decorous lives found triumphant release
From Sin's fierce oppression to honor and peace.

Our Beautiful Past—When our forefathers fought
For Freedom of Conscience; and, faltering not,
These saints, who were ever most fervent in prayer,
Were heroes in battle to do and to dare.

Our Beautiful Past—Here was planted the Tree
"Whose leaves were for healing"; whose fruitage we see.
We bless them that planted and praise the Most High
For gifts ever gracious, for perils passed by.

Our Beautiful Past to the Present gave birth;
To-Day mothers grandly the Future of Earth;
Past, Present and Future are held in Thy Hand,
Great Father of All, for our Beautiful Land!

—L. V. F. Randolph.

ADDRESS—"A Typical Preacher of the 19th Century" *Hon. David Jayne Hill*

ANTHEM—Chorus from "The Redemption" ..... *Gounod*

Unfold, ye portals everlasting, with welcome to receive him ascending on high. Behold the King of Glory! He mounts up through the sky, back to the heavenly mansions hasting. Unfold, for lo, the King comes nigh.

But who is he, the King of Glory?

He who death overcame, the Lord, in battle mighty.

But who is he, the King of Glory?

Of hosts he is the Lord; of angels and of powers; the King of Glory is the King of the saints.

Unfold, ye portals everlasting, with welcome to receive him ascending on high. Behold the King of Glory! He mounts up through the sky, back to the heavenly mansions hasting. Unfold, for lo, the King comes nigh.

HYMN—"Blest be the tie that binds."

SOCIAL GATHERING IN THE LECTURE ROOM

The First Baptist Church of Plainfield, N. J., the parent church of Plainfield, was constituted November 25th, 1818. From it two other Plainfield Baptist Churches have gone forth. It began its career with thirty-four members. Practically three generations have lived and died, participating in the work and privileges of this church. At the end of a hundred years eight hundred members are on its roll. Within its walls and by its congregation a million dollars (approximately) have been contributed to church and philanthropic purposes. Its sympathies and benevolences are world-wide. Its courage and sacrifice have been proportionate. Seventy men have within the past year gone forth from its congregation to take part in a righteous war. Its Bible School, under able management, is efficient in all departments. Its Ladies' Benevolent Societies and Youths' Societies are constant and enthusiastic. Its property is free from all incumbrance and has a fair value of about $150,000. In many ways this church has been specially blessed. To an ever-gracious God be all praise at this Thanksgiving season and evermore!

The following named persons constituted this church November 25, 1818:

Elder Jacob F. Randolph and wife, Sarah Randolph; Daniel F. Randolph and Rosanna F. Randolph; Benjamin Laing, Sophia Laing; John F. Randolph, Elizabeth

Randolph; William Lupardus, Mary Lupardus; Samuel Estil, Elizabeth Estil; John Manning, Jane Manning; Abraham Lane, Margaret F. Randolph, Elizabeth Manning, Rachel Dunham, Mary A. Dare, Mrs. Mary F. Randolph, Jeannette Coriel, Elizabeth F. Randolph, Hetty F. Randolph, James A. Dare, Anna F. Randolph, Mary F. Randolph, Sarah Flatt, Nancy Molleson, Rachel Soper, Mary Stites, Anna Meads, Peter Laing (colored), all from Samptown, and Drake Dunn and wife, Nancy Dunn, from Piscataway.

The names of the Pastors whose faithful services have been instrumental toward the prosperity of the church, follow:

Jacob Fitz Randolph, 1818-1828.
Daniel T. Hill, 1828-1839.
Simeon J. Drake, 1839-1862.
David J. Yerkes, 1863-1903.
John A. Chambliss, 1903-1911.
Philip B. Strong, Pastorate began 1912.

CHURCH OFFICERS

PRESENT BOARD OF TRUSTEES

L. V. F. Randolph, President; Alexander Gilbert, Vice President; T. S. Armstrong, J. Herbert Case, J. G. McLaughlin, Treasurer; Howard J. Runyon, Secretary.

1818—TRUSTEES—1918

Sixty-one persons have served the church from the beginning as Trustees, including the present Board: Daniel F. Randolph, John Wilson, John Manning, John Allen, William Lupardus, John F. Randolph, Wm. D. Sherwood, Freeman Cole, Drake Dunn, John Stein, Daniel Drake, Aaron Osborn, Jacob Manning, Benjamin Stelle, Noah Drake, James Leonard, Alfred Berry, Joel Dunn, Wm. P. Williamson, Joseph Nelson, Nelson Webster, Moses H. French, James M. Dunn, Levi Hetfield, William White, Corra O. Meeker, Thompson E. F. Randolph, Halstead C. Compton, Martin Giles, Manning Stelle, Wm. C. Ayres, Henry Smith, Elston Marsh, Jeremiah Manning, Wm. R. Clarkson, D. J. Boice, Nelson W. Gardner, Theo. F. French, Lemuel W. Serrell, E. J. Chaffe, Alex. Gilbert, Geo. A. Chapman, Frank H. Gardner, Francis E. Marsh, Morgan S. Taylor, Martin I. Cooley, E. J. Waring, Samuel St. John Mc Cutchen, Uzal B. Crane, Harold Serrell, Lewis V. F. Randolph, John D. Runyon, Thomas S. Armstrong, Oliver B. Leonard, F. E. Kinsman, J. Herbert Case, Alfred W. Day, George F. White, John G. McLaughlin, Wm. A. Conner, Howard J. Runyon.

THE OFFICIAL PARISH CLERKS

John Wilson, 1818-1825; Benjamin Stelle, 1825-1846; Wm. Piatt Williamson, 1846-1850; Alfred Berry, 1850-1864; Martin Giles, Thompson E. F. Randolph, 1868-1871; Elston Marsh, O. B. Leonard, 1876-1917; Wilbur W. F. Randolph, elected 1917.

PRESENT BOARD OF DEACONS

Edwin L. Bonny, President; Samuel P. Case, Secretary; Frank W. Jones, Treasurer; Arthur M. Harris, Charles Conover, James L. Manning, Norman H. Probasco, Geo. H. Batchelor, Wilbur W. F. Randolph, John A. Powlison.

The following named persons have been on the Board of Deacons from the organization of the church, 1818—Daniel F. Randolph, John Manning, Thomas Stead, Drake Dunn, William Lupardus, Benjamin Stelle, Manning Stelle, James T. Dunn, Elston Marsh, Oliver Runyon, Manning Vermeule, Daniel D. F. Randolph, Insley Boice, Peter Balen, Stephen H. Burr, John Baldwin, Lemuel W. Serrell, George F. Brown, Henry E. Needham, Edwin L. Bonny, Rufus K. Case, John B. Probasco, William White, Thomas C. Aldrich, Frank W. Jones, Reuben Knox, M. Clark Dobbins, Samuel P. Case, Robert W. Barnes, Frederick S. Thompson, Norman H. Probasco, George H. Batchelor, Arthur M. Harris, James L. Manning, Charles Conover, Wilbur W. F. Randolph, John A. Powlison.

DEACONESSES (Organized March 27, 1912)

Mrs. J. L. Manning, president; Miss Anna E. Boice, secretary; Mrs. A. M. Harris, Mrs. R. W. Barnes, Mrs. Charles Conover, Mrs. John A. Powlison, Mrs. Wilbur W. F. Randolph, Mrs. Frank W. Jones, Mrs. F. S. Thompson (removed to Connecticut), Mrs. George Brown (resigned), Mrs. George H. Batchelor (deceased).

1818—THE CHURCH CLERKS—1918

Members who have served the church as clerks from beginning are: Drake Dunn, Jefferson R Dunn, John Wilson, James C. Ayres, Elston Marsh, O. B. Leonard, Wilbur W. F. Randolph.

ORGANIST AND MUSICAL DIRECTOR

Howard M. Case

Charles W. McCutchen was Musical Director for fifty years, until 1918.

PRESENT BIBLE SCHOOL OFFICERS

Superintendent, Arthur M. Harris.

Associate Superintendents, F. W. Jones, J. E. Church, Mrs. F. M. Robins.

Secretary, George C. Church; Treasurer, Frank E. Bach.

Department Superintendents: Beginners, Mrs. J. Herbert Case; Primary, Mrs. J. A. Powlison; Junior, Mrs. F. W. Jones; Intermediate, Ernest K. Powlison; Senior, Harold Robins; Adult, Mrs. L. H. Matlack; Home, Miss Mary White.

Our church Sunday School superintendents from the beginning have been: Jefferson Dunn, Benjamin Stelle, Jacob A. Wood, James C. Ayres, David Lenox, Oliver Runyon, Levi Hetfield, Elston M. Dunn, Oliver B. Leonard, William White, William M. Gray, Stephen H. Burr, Charles W. McCutchen, Rufus K. Case, George H. Batchelor, James E. Church, Arthur M. Harris.

THE WOMAN'S MISSIONARY CIRCLE

Mrs. J. A. Powlison, President; Mrs. F. K. Anderson, Mrs. J. Herbert Case, Miss Amy J. Conant, Vice-Presidents; Mrs. Clarence Murphy, Recording Secretary; Mrs. J. R. Hefti, Corresponding Secretary; Miss Sara E. Conover, Treasurer; Mrs. Samuel P. Case, Assistant Treasurer.

Y. P. S. C. E.

Percy Stelle, President; Mabel D. Cronce, Vice-President; Dorothy Lee, Secretary; James Hodgskin, Treasurer.

HISTORICAL REVIEW

If I were asked what is the leading principle which in the ages past has appealed most potently to the mind of the Baptist and has most clearly distinguished his character, creed and behavior, I might answer —the Individual and Direct Accountability of Every Mature Mind to God alone. It was this thought that impressed our distinguished statesman, Daniel Webster, as being the most tremendously important that had ever entered into human consciousness. No priest nor potentate to intervene between Man and his Maker. The Solemn Responsibility conjoined with the August Freedom of the Soul of Man!

It was in the early part of the fourth century of our era that Donatus Magnus, a defender of the free gospel, when threatened with the wrath of the Roman Emperor, shouted the slogan of liberty—"Quid est Imperatori cum ecclesia!" What has the Emperor to do with our religion?* It was a like exalted resistance, so valiantly made by the Novations and the Albigenses and the later Baptists, to human intervention in this same sacred relation of the Spirit of Man to the Ineffable Divine.

If you will turn to the article on Ana-Baptists in your British Encyclopedia, you will read—"There is an obvious genetic, though not historical, connection between the Ana-Baptists and those earlier sects (Novations, Donatists, Albigenses, Waldenses), which did not practice infant baptism." The article goes on to advert to the "fundamental principles" characterizing these disciples, namely **"the Independence of the Individual judgment and the supreme importance of Personal Faith"**‡

Now there could be no such thing as independent individual judgment and personal faith on the part of infants. Nor is there in any book of the New Testament nor in any writing of the next two hundred years any suggestion of Infant Baptism.

Meantime voluntary Believer's Baptism—always immersion—was the only sort known. It was the only sort which could contain the symbolical significance of Purification and Resurrection. And these symbols could only appeal to the mature believer.

Purification and Resurrection were not acceptable doctrines to the Early Roman Emperors. Persecution set in and True Religion sought retirement. Then, as told by Pliny (enemy of Christians, writing in the first century) and Justin Martyr (Believer and Apologist, writing in the second)* Christians met in secluded places for worship, covenanting with each other for lives of holiness and gathering around the Lord's Table in a brotherhood of love. Those who came to join them were, after spiritual preparation, taken to a place where there was water and were baptized. All Christians were in fact Baptists.

Two radical errors first crept into the Christian faith along with infant baptism:—one being that the rite was itself regenerative or miraculous; the other that infants could be "saved" by that means alone. These errors bred others tending to emasculate and destroy the principles of Direct Human Accountability. "The church" became more and more a great organized machine, a "juggernaut," crushing independent judgment.

Tertullian (who in genius and learning was the Francis Bacon of his day) was a Christian leader and teacher at the end of the second century and the beginning of the third. He had indignantly opposed

*Encyl. Brittan, 9th Ed., Vol. VII, p. 359. ‡Idem. Vol. I, p. 786.
*C Plinius Trajano Ep. XCVI. Justin Mar Apol.

the early suggestions of infant-baptism-and-church-membership. "Let them come," said he, "when they are taught to whom they may come. Let them become Christians when they are able to know Christ."‡

Despite such injunctions and warnings, the superstitious practice of infant baptism and the dogma of infant salvation entered the church. Children so baptized, and so instructed afterward, naturally grew up to be dependent rather than independent:—indeed they could scarcely be said to grow up. It was better that they should not, and quite unnecessary—as their leaders seemed to think. Their personal faith might indeed be exercised; but, if so, it must be blindly and in obedience, not to Christ or Sacred Scriptures, but to the authorities of an all-arrogating Church. The development of a large mentality and of an independent judgment would be highly dangerous.

This was the general conception of personal religion which pervaded the dark ages and continued almost to our own day. But there were a few choice souls in whom burned the light that arose amid the darkness. These were from time to time accused of infidelity or rationalism, because they used their reason.

Justus Lipsius, a wavering, but witty adherent to Mother Church in the 16th century, said—"An Ana-Baptist is but an ignorant Socinian. A Socinian is but a learned Ana-Baptist."† In his devotion to Authority, Lipsius perhaps forgot that the Emperor Constantine, Prime Protector of the Church, who well-nigh ruined Christianity with his power and patronage, was an Arian, and would have been a Socinian if he had lived a dozen centuries later.

But is it true that independent, matured, Christian judgment, based on Christ and the Scripture, leads inevitably to error and injury? For answer we do not need to theorize. We have only to appeal to history.

The artificial hierarchy established with Constantine, and subsequently maintained, has been able to point with pride to a long line of spiritual rulers who were Vice-Gerents on earth of The Omnipotent, and whose utterances were the final and unquestionable words of truth. If this were really correct and trustworthy, then what is the need of independent judgment? Submission and obedience would be the only virtues. Baptists have from the earliest days denied such dictation, holding vigorously to individual responsibility. If one body has continued through priests, another has descended as continuously through principles. Hierarchies might fail; possibly have failed. Under Providential care the few simple and sacred principles and seed-thoughts of Primitive Christianity have retained their integrity and development. In every age have lived strong, worthy, thoughtful men of piety, keeping alive the faith and practice of Apostolic times—their lives exemplary and meek, their principles democratic, their church ordinances—Baptism and the Lord's Supper. Thus have safely come down to us the testimonies which tally with the New Testament.

I have spoken of this Gospel as simple. The Church was simplicity itself. It was the **Ecclesia—the Meeting.** Originally, it had no churchly significance. The **Town Meeting** in these later days has been alike the cradle and the symbol of the Republic; so the simple conference of religious souls, where "even two or three are gathered together," was the embodiment of Baptist Democracy, and so it has remained for nigh two thousand years.

If there has been a Continuous Church or Society true to the original New Testament pattern in its tenets and observances, it **has been, and is, the Baptist Church.** Can we trace its career from the earlier days? We can. We almost say we

‡Tertullian De Baptismo ch. XVIII.
†W. R. Williams' Lectures, 1877, p. 171.

can trace its path by its blooddrops of suffering and sacrifice.

In this connection I call your attention to two respected authorities of a comparatively recent day—Ypeij and Dermout,‡ both Universit men of high repute in the national church of Holland; the former a Professor of Theology and the latter Chaplain to the King.

These join in a work on Church History, published in 1819. Alluding to the ancient career of our Baptist Ecclesia, they say: "We have already seen that the Baptists, those who in former times were named Ana-Baptists and in later days, Mennonites, were originally Waldensians. These in the history of the church, in times so far back, have obtained a well-deserved renown. In consequence the Baptists may be regarded as being from of old the religious denomination that have continued from the times of the apostles as a Christian society, who have kept the Evangelical faith pure through all the the ages hitherto."

This Theme—The Antiquity of the Baptist Church as the True Church—is fascinating, and I could have many things to say upon it, but must not say them here. Let me only remark that as to the Ordinance which gives us our distinctive name, it has been kept in high respect in its original form throughout the ages. No other form was thought of by any Christian for a long time. The Established Churches of Rome and of England continued its observance. Splendid Baptistries still stand, which attest the ordinance as continuously observed, and many leading writers of various denominations give cheerful testimony to **Baptism by Immersion** as the **original rite.** In passing, one might mention that, even after the great English schism, Elizabeth and Edward VI were both baptised by Immersion*

But even these interesting facts do not touch us Baptists as does the greater one that our fore-runners of the faith have ever stood forth, and stood firmly, for Freedom. The rallying thoughts of Baptists have ever been—For Conscience and Human Brotherhood! Shake off the shackles from the bodies and souls of God's servants! To accomplish such tasks, their voices and pens have been eloquent, and even their guns have thundered.

As to resistance to persecution and taking up arms for defense, differences of opinion have existed amongst the followers of the Prince of Peace. For the most part, through the ages, Baptists have been non-combatants. Most of the wars were Kings' quarrels, from which these good people sought exemption. Even when their liberties and lives were extinguished, they meekly suffered. In 1534 certain oppressed peasants on the Euopean Continent begged redress of political wrongs. Their requests, though reasonable, were disdainfully refused.† A rebellion broke out in which a few Ana-Baptists participated, though most of them stood aloof. Fanatical leadership precipitated the ruin of an ill-timed movement, and enemies of Baptists ever afterwards heaped opprobrium on Baptist faith and character for the Münster mishap. Refugees sought shelter in England. In the following century their descendants essayed again a forceful contest with Tyranny and proved their courage on many a well-fought battle-field.

"The Puritan in Holland, England and America," by Douglas Campbell, has this Record:‡ "The men who made up the new army of Ironsides, which won the victories of Naseby and Dunbar—the men who smiled only as they went into

‡Gerchied d. Nederl Hervormde Kerk. t. i. 1819, p. 148.

*See Zabbe and Crossart XI. 1226. Baptist Magazine, February, 1850, p. 84.

†So say Voltaire, Niebuhr and other writers. See also Encyclop. Brittan, 9th Ed., Vol. XV, p. 78.‡Vol. 2, pp. 394-395.

battle, and never accounted the odds against them, were not Presbyterians, like the Ministers in the Westminster Assembly of Divines, or the Legislators in the Long Parliament. They were Independents, the Baptists forming the largest element—Men who believed in self-government in the Church as well as in the State." * * * "With them stood Roger Williams, who had brought back to England the liberal ideas which he had carried to Rhode Island, the young Sir Henry Vane, and others like him. These men could not be persuaded here any more than in America that liberty of conscience was an evil."

I can hardly refrain from quoting here the eloquent encomium of our American Historian Bancroft on Roger Williams as "the first person in modern Christendom to assert in its plentitude the doctrine of the liberty of conscience." Bancroft practically places our brave Baptist among earth's discoverers and men of genius. He writes: "If Copernicus is held in perpetual reverence because on his deathbed he published to the world that the sun is the centre of our system; if the name of Kepler is preserved for his sagacity in detecting the laws of the planetary motion; if the genius of Newton has been almost adored for dissecting a ray of light and weighing heavenly bodies as in balance—let there be for the name of Roger Williams a place among those who have advanced moral science and made themselves the benefactors of mankind."†

Whilst rejoicing in this historic praise, I may venture the remark that Roger Williams inherited, rather than discovered, the great principle which he so wisely and courageously enunciated—Liberty of Conscience. It had already been strongly-held Baptist doctrine through troublous periods for more than a millennium and a half.

In quoting reference to Roger Williams and like types of Baptist bravery, I am (in passing) momentarily reminded of a dear woman of my own ancestry, Mary Manning Fitz Randolph, who a hundred years ago today was helping to constitute the beginning of this First Baptist Church of Plainfield. Her father, Enoch Manning, was a Baptist Patriot-Soldier. And it was his brother, James Manning, who in 1764 occupied Roger Williams' pulpit at Providence as the first President of the Baptist Rhode Island College, afterwards Brown University.

Amongst numerous tributes to the fidelity to Freedom of secular adherents to our faith, I quote one from the distinguished and somewhat free-thinking Historian, Goldwin Smith. In his "United Kingdom" he writes: "Of the churches, the Baptist deserves the credit of being the first sanctuary of Liberty of Conscience. The English Baptists in Amsterdam had said in their confession of faith—'The Magistrate is not to meddle with religion or matters of conscience, nor compel men to this or that form of religion; because Christ is the King and Law-giver of the Church and Conscience.' "‡

At this present juncture of history we are emerging from a desperate but successful struggle "to make the world fit for Democracy to live in." Baptists have for ages led in the endeavor to constitute a Democracy fit to live in our world —a nation founded on righteousness and reason. Alas for human incertitude! the British Nation in the middle of the 17th century tasted and tested a Commonwealth. Almost in a moment they turned from it—like Israel from the True Worship to the Golden Calf—and embraced the reckless royalty of Charles II, steeped in license and lewdness—with true liberty long postponed.

It was under this ignoble rule of Charles II that the Jerseys were settled by our God-fearing ancestors. The lands they bought from

†Bancroft Hist. U. S. Vol. 1, 298-299.
‡Goldwin Smith, United Kingdom, Political History, Vol. I, p. 548.

the Indians (and their possession of which was afterward confirmed by King Charles' Lieutenant-Governor) were, in some cases at least, afterward again given away through royal charter; and the settlers were left to contend for their property against these later grants as best they might.† Charles was (toward his brother and his courtiers) generous in respect of things that did not belong to him. As Bancroft has said: "During the first four years of his power he gave away a large part of a continent. Could he have continued as lavish, in the course of his reign he would have given away the world."*

Before entering upon the outlined story of our Baptist Church in New Jersey, I must refer to a tribute to Baptist loyalty paid by George Washington in the difficult days of Reconstruction following the Revolutionary War. Dr. Strong has kindly called my attention to a letter addressed by the Father of his Country to the "General Committee Representing the United Baptist Churches in Virginia." In the course of this letter Washington wrote: "While I recollect with satisfaction that the religious societies of which you are members have been, throughout America, uniformly and almost unanimously the firm friends of civil liberty, and the persevering promoters of our glorious Revolution, I cannot hesitate to believe that they will be the faithful supporters of a free yet efficient general government. Under this pleasing expectation I rejoice to assure them that they may rely upon my best wishes and endeavors to advance their prosperity."

In Revolutionary times then, according to this testimony, our forbears of Baptist Principles were "firm friends of civil liberty." They were brave soldiers, marching and fighting for freedom.

Again in the great Civil War, throughout our Northern States the Baptists labored and fought for the cause of Union and Freedom. The single church of which I was just then a member sent two hundred men into active military duty* Baptists marched by tens of thousands in that noble service. In the present war to protect the Principle of Democracy (the distinguishing principle of Baptists in all ages) the number of Baptist soldiers in Allied armies has undoubtedly run into hundreds of thousands.

To revert to the time of planting in this, our precious soil, this goodly seed of Baptist growth—About the time when the ancestors of some of us who gather here today came from Massachusetts to Piscataway, New Jersey (half a dozen miles distant from this spot) in order to enjoy a larger freedom of religion—namely about 1,669—a company of Baptists with some Quakers, under the leadership of Rev. Obadiah Jones (who at Boston had endured a public whipping for fidelity to New Testament truth†) took up a considerable tract of land in East Jersey. These guaranteed in their patent "unto any and all who shall plant and inhabit any of the lands aforesaid, they shall have free liberty of conscience without any molestation or disturbance whatsoever in their way of worship." This has been good Baptist practice from before the days of Constantine—albeit in the earlier day the brethren were not called "Baptists." They continued to be simply Christians, with such numerous reproachful and opprobrious epithets as their enemies from time to time chose to attach. The word Baptist—or Ana-Baptist—(re-baptiser)—was itself applied contemptuously. Always have they stood for Conscience and Freedom; and by this principle, as well as by their religious ordinances, can their history be practically traced.

When our Baptist forbears came to Piscataway and organized there

†See Hatfield's History of Elizabeth. *Bancroft, Vol. I, p. 433.
*Church Records, First Baptist Church, Newark.
†See Bancroft Hist. Vol. I. p. 367.

one of the four Mother Churches of the Provinces of East and West Jersey (the other three being Middletown, Cohansey and Cape May), the Stewart family were near losing their tenure of the English throne. John Bunyan—that great Baptist of Bedford jail—had recently given to the world his Pilgrim's Progress. Richard Baxter and John Locke were living. Milton had just published "Paradise Lost." Men's minds and consciences were waking up. America felt the impetus, but was far away and as yet poor in means and men. New York and Philadelphia were villages—Trenton, now Capital of our State, did not exist for many a year afterward. Even seventy years later—almost up to the time when our Scotch Plains church was constituted—all the people of both Jerseys did not greatly exceed in number the present population of Plainfield and North Plainfield.

This planting of Baptists in New Jersey was more than a hundred years before our American Revolution. The country was a wilderness, inhabited by Indians and wild animals. Through the woods the few roads were but bridle-paths. "A settler's home might not be seen from morning to night."‡ The Baptist meetings were far apart, and public worship was attended with some danger and much inconvenience. Gradually, but slowly, the country became settled—mainly with good people, of good principles. The West India Company of Holland, chartered in 1629, enjoined on their colonists in New Jersey and New York "in the speediest manner to find out ways and means whereby they might support a minister and a schoolmaster."

A Baptist Meeting House was built at Scotch Plains in 1742. This was a centre of Worship and fraternity for more than a score of miles. From it twenty-two members were in 1792 dismissed, to constitute the Samptown church. Of this Samptown church, Reverend Jacob Fitz Randolph was the first Pastor, as at a later date he was, also, of the First Baptist Church of Plainfield. He began his pastorate here with the formation of this society in 1818. At that date Plainfield (including North Plainfield) had about two hundred and fifty inhabitants.

It may be noted here that the Pastor's salary was $250 per year; and so, if a **per capita** assessment had been practicable, his services would have cost each inhabitant of the village a dollar a year. The mother church at Scotch Plains agreed on a like stipend, but supplemented it with a supply of **firewood.** I remember well myself how in the village period of Plainfield, and in my own boyhood days, the current needs of the minister were somewhat patronizingly supervised by the good deacons, and were occasionally eked out with a "donation visit."

Before 1818 the Baptists of Plainfield had attended worship chiefly at Samptown, about two miles southwestward. Our Plainfield church had thirty-four members at its organization in 1818, and in 1822 it had fifty-two members. Reverend Jacob Fitz Randolph, after a life of devoted usefulness, died in 1828 at the age of seventy-three. In that year Rev. Daniel T. Hill became pastor and filled that function until 1839, when he resigned. I knew him well in later years as pastor of the Second Baptist Church. My grandfather bought the house built by Mr. Hill nearly opposite the Meeting House at the East corner of Front and New Streets (now still standing), and several of my childhood years were passed there. Mr. Hill was a vigorous man and an earnest, aggressive preacher. Under his charge this church increased to 274 members.

In May, 1839, Rev. Simeon J. Drake was called to the pastorate and continued in it until his death in 1862. His was a lovable character, and he retained always the

‡See Griffith's History of Baptists in New Jersey.

respect and affection of the whole community. As a boy, approaching thirteen years of age, I was baptised in February, 1851, by Mr. Drake in Green Brook, a little west of the old church-building. I remember that when I called at the pastor's home about that time, he discoursed genially of his own happy early Christian experience, and how even the birds, blithely singing in the woods, seemed to felicitate him on his newly-found hope. My only associate in baptism on that winter day was William Cleaver Wilkinson, whose name has attained celebrity amongst Baptist clergymen and writers, and whose ever industrious pen has produced many notable and excellent books. At the age of eighty-five he is still writing, his last book, now fresh from the press —"Concerning Jesus Christ, the Son of Man," being his best. I believe that he and I are the only survivors of the church-membership of that year, 1851.

Rev. Dr. David J. Yerkes succeeded Mr. Drake in the pastorate in 1863, and for fully two-score years served with faith, patience, and untiring devotion. He died as pastor emeritus in 1905. He and his wife and all his family were always greatly respected and loved. He baptised 1,029 persons into membership.

Rev. Dr. John A. Chambliss was the fifth pastor, serving eight years until his resignation in 1911. He died in 1916. He was one of the most eloquent of preachers, and his eloquence was all the more genuine and impressive because restrained and classical. He was a scholar of high attainment and a genial, wholehearted minister and friend. His wife also greatly aided him and the church. He baptised into membership 172 persons.

Rev. Dr. Philip B. Strong came to us in February, 1912, and is still making his own strong record. Many additions have been made to the church under his earnest ministry; and, encouraged by his lofty patriotism, the congregation has contributed generously of men and means to support the Government in all noble endeavor.

I may here be permitted to remark that it has been my privilege to know personally and well all the men who have regularly ministered here—except the first. Though called to live elsewhere for a time, about two-thirds of my church-membership years have been spent here, and I have been happy in the continuous use of one pew for more than forty-five years.

I might also remark that the fact that in a whole century this prosperous and harmonious body has had only half a dozen pastors at least indicates that Baptists are a good and pleasant people to live with.

As writes St. James, "The wisdom from above is first pure, then peaceable."*

The property on which this church edifice stands was in 1818 given to the Society by John Manning and John Wilson, and a building fund of about $2,500 was at once subscribed. These gifts bespeak the liberality and self-sacrifice of that small early band of devoted disciples and their friends and sympathizers.

Under the ardent and effective preaching of Rev. Daniel T. Hill, the congregation so increased that an extension of fifteen feet was made to the church building. I remember well the frame meeting-house at which I first attended worship here, about 1845. It had a deep basement, used for Sunday School and devotional meetings, approached from the west side rather than from the east—as at present. The ample yard in the rear was often thronged by the carriages of the farmer-members, who drove their teams from their country homes to the various meetings. The pews had doors—unnecessary, but in accord with custom—and having no relation to "close communion." The pulpit was somewhat higher. The baptistry was Green Brook, or

*James 3:17.

rather a pond in the Brook. The interior of the meeting-house was severely simple. The music (which was at first non-existent, so far as choir or leadership was concerned) was later in the gallery at the south end of the edifice, facing the pulpit and behind the congregation.

When the existing excellent stone edifice was built, shortly after the Civil War (out of a new quarry in the mountain which has yielded little else) the old wooden church of my boyhood days was sold, and was moved to the rear of the lot at Front and New Streets, on which I passed several of my earlier years. And there it still stands, and is used for human habitation. The good stone edifice has now weathered the storms of half a century, and its great worship-room is still a model of simplicity and beauty—all honor to the wise and generous souls who built it and gave for it of their substance and their lives! Best of all, there has ever been a home-like and spiritual atmosphere pervading this place.

And here I would fain refer to the harmony, brotherhood and co-operation which have prevailed—and, in the course of years, increasingly—amongst all Christian denominations during the century which **has practically marked the limit of this settlement of Plainfield as well as of this First Baptist Church.** The Baptists and Quakers were the earlier settlers; but those who came after them of various names have reciprocated the hospitality which was cordially extended to them, and we have had a continued feast of good feeling throughout the community. Reverence toward God and love toward men make always the best basis for community-peace.

All the same, it is well for us who are Plainfield Baptists, at the end of a hundred years, to "thank God and take courage"; and to take, as well, humble satisfaction in our sweet and sacred traditions, and to consecrate ourselves anew to the Master's service.

Here in our Church have our sorrows been assuaged, our minds instructed and broadened, and our hopes and joys re-invigorated, at such periods and occasions as the Divine Bridegroom has visited His Loyal Bride, The Church.

And what message comes to us today from those whose serene souls of the blessed past have gone forward to their reward? May they not be permitted perchance to look down upon this Centenary Celebration from heights of attainment beyond the Jordan? Possibly this cursory Review of a History which they made, may seem to them quite inadequate—but could it appear futile?

Who will deny even that Baptist Professors and Martyrs of earlier ages may today view us with smiles of benediction? But what especially of those who have been of our household in the faith—about the tombs of some of whom in our peaceful cemetery the orderly seasons have waxed and waned whilst successors in trust and effort have struggled as best they might with Life's problems—what of those whom some of us have knitted to our hearts in bonds of more than fraternal affection, who have been called to precede us for a little while into the solemn and glorious hereafter? What today shall we say or think of the interest in this church which they may still be permitted to retain:—those who bore the familiar old-time names of Fitz Randolph, Hill, Drake, Yerkes, Chambliss, Williamson, Smalley, Balen, Brown, Burr, Butler, Boice, Stelle, Stead, Runyon, Ayres, Lenox, Coon, Dunn, Manning, Wilson, Everitt, Ryder, Marsh, McCutchen, Flanders, Leonard, Dobbins, Thickstun, Cooley, Case, Chapman, Compton, Conner, Taylor, Thorn, Vail, Shreve, Vermeule, White, Worth, Smith, Probasco, Robins, Serrell, Vanderbeek, Thompson, Aldrich, and a goodly host of other saints and brothers who were of us, and with us, but now are "over there"? May they not be among the "ministering spirits sent forth to minister for them who shall be heirs of salvation?" I love to think that they

may even now put forth toward us their old-time, but purified affection, as toward the dear people of their own choice; and may, even now, brood benignly over the very place of their ancient and holy cult, and over this congregation, as today it holds here sweet worship and sacred communion.

L. V. F. RANDOLPH.

A Typical Preacher of the Nineteenth Century

Address of David Jayne Hill at the Centenary of the First Baptist Church of Plainfield, New Jersey, November 25, 1918

In accepting the invitation with which your Committee has honored me, to come to Plainfield and join with you in celebrating the Centenary of this Church, I experience a double pleasure. On the one hand, I am permitted to make the acquaintance of the present membership, composed in part at least of the descendants of those to whom my dear father ministered in this Church ninety years ago; and, on the other, after a very long absence, I have the privilege of returning to this beautiful city, in which he resided for nearly a quarter of a century, and where during a later ministry I was born.

Centennial anniversaries like the one we now celebrate are milestones by which we may measure the march of human progress. When an institution has existed for a hundred years, this fact alone implies a vitality that warrants the measurement of its achievements by the permanent standards of human values; for if it did not share in the general advance, it would long ago have proved wholly out of date and would have deserved to be abandoned.

It is safe to assume, therefore, that the foundations upon which this Church has been erected, as a spiritual fellowship, and upon which it still rests, were well and wisely laid; and it may not be unprofitable to permit our thoughts to centre for a few moments upon the character of the ministry in those early days and the personality of the men who served in it.

To this undertaking I can make only a very modest contribution; but it is, perhaps, excusable for me to think first of all of the one human being upon whose loving and faithful care I was in my youth most dependent, and to whom I owe an immeasurable debt of love and gratitude,—my father. If he were living today, he would be in his one hundred and fifteenth year, and it is now more than thirty years since his earthly ministry was ended by his death. It is not, then, altogether inappropriate, perhaps, that I, although his son, after this long interval of time ,should draw some lessons from his life-work upon an occasion which so directly recalls this subject to our minds; and yet I know that he would not wish me to do so in any sense that would seem to single him out from the brotherhood of the faithful disciples of the common Master whom they all served for any kind of eulogy or claim of pre-eminence. And this wish, which I do not hesitate to attribute to him, I shall faithfully respect.

In what I shall take the liberty of saying, my purpose is to suggest an estimate of the aims, the labors, and the results of the Christian ministry, to which his whole life was consecrated, and particularly of the influence which the Christian ministry has had upon the development of our national life and our international position at the present time.

In speaking thus, I am not thinking of my father as a specially conspicuous figure in his day and generation; but as one of a multitude of faithful men who, in modest places and without pretension, served as public teachers, shaping the thought and the character of their time, sometimes against great odds and at much personal sacrifice, in a manner that has made our coun-

try in some respects different from any other in the world, and both capable and willing to serve mankind, not as a materially profitable enterprise, but from a deep sense of duty to God and man.

It is not unworthy of comment that in a new country, rich in natural resources and with untold possibilities of wealth and power, men of high intelligence should have turned aside from the use of such splendid opportunities for personal aggrandizement to tell the story of the cross, and to continue the energies of a lifetime as humble preachers of the Gospel of Jesus Christ. My father was one of these. As I review his life and labors, it is clear to me that wealth, the highest learning, and prominent public position were all within the grasp of his natural capacities; nevertheless, pursuit of these attainments exerted no power of attraction to draw him from the path of the humble duties of the Christian ministry, in which he found a full measure of satisfaction. The one and only ambition of his life was to be a faithful preacher of Christ and an effective helper of his fellow-men.

In this he did not stand alone. In every village and hamlet of this country there were men of like spirit and purpose. Sectarian differences, often sharp and polemical, were customary in his day; and, like others who thought differently, he was ready to defend the truth as he saw it; but the important matter is that this defence was actuated by the belief that it was the truth, and therefore vital to the integrity of Christian life and character. When compared with the intellectual indifferentism not uncommon at the present time, we cannot fail to be thrilled by the heroism which, in the interest of sound doctrine, did not hesitate to divide communities, and even families, in that time of robust faith and fearless controversy. Regarding the question who was right and who was wrong, we may still differ; but that the middle decades of the Nineteenth Century comprised a period of intense religious growth and development in the United States, we cannot well deny.

It is to this period that Daniel T. Hill distinctly belonged. In his day society was less concentrated and less differentiated than at present. There were no large cities in this country, and the private pursuits of church members kept them much separated and were all-absorbing. When this church was founded in 1818, the population of New York City, the Metropolis of the country, numbered only about a hundred and fifty thousand souls, and most of the modern cities were mere villages.

In religion, as in other matters, he was a confessed individualist. His interest was in the individual human soul and its eternal destiny. Men, he thought, were to be saved or lost because of what they believed as conscious and rational beings. They could be saved only through the truth, and the truth could be apprehended only through a voluntary exercise of mental activity. If men could be induced to believe what is true and right, and would act upon it, he thought, society as a whole, and every part of it, would take care of itself. If, on the contrary, they believed what was false and wrong, or were blown about by every wind of doctrine, society would be in perpetual danger, and neither law, nor charity, nor any form of social or political organization could save it from disaster.

The problem of the Church was therefore, as he conceived it, to bring men and women personally to Christ. This, he thought, was to be done chiefly by preaching. For this purpose he became a preacher, a typical preacher of the nineteenth century. For this he was singularly fitted both by heredity and environment. On both sides of his family his ancestors were of sturdy, self-reliant, and self-respecting stock, in fortune independent and substantial, yet unspoiled by a craving for gain or power, content to be good citizens and to serve in the way most useful to their country and the communities in which they lived.

his first American forefather, John Hill, of Dover, came from England to Boston about 1640, and later bought land and settled near Dover, in New Hampshire, where, and in the adjacent State of Maine, five generations had lived and died, owning and cultivating large tracts of land, and taking their places in the civil government as local and State officers. For three generations these descendants of John Hill, who was a Puritan, appear to have been Independents in their religious convictions, bearing the Scriptural names Samuel, Joseph, and Isaac; but when the perilous days of resisting the assaults of the Indians were over and the community had settled down to a condition of safe and substantial tranquility, the next two generations figure in the records of the Society of Friends. In 1796, Isaac Hill, representing the sixth generation in America, migrated to the town of Marlborough, in Ulster County, New York, on the Hudson River, and there, on December 3, 1803, on his father's farm, Daniel Trembley Hill was born, near Milton Landing.

The curious name "Trembley" certainly had no connection with any physical or mental characteristic of this very solid and fearless boy, whose career of firmness was destined to refute any suspicion of this kind. Nor had it any relation to his ancestry. It was conferred upon the child in honor of a merchant in New York to whom his father consigned the sloops which he sent down the Hudson River to that city laden with the products of his quarries and his farms,—a name which clearly establishes the Swiss origin of this worthy gentleman as a member of a family well known in Switzerland, of which the naturalist, Abraham Trembley, of Geneva, a correspondent of the French Institute, a member of the Royal Society of London, and noted in his time as a writer on religion and education, was a distinguished member.

If there be any truth in the theories of heredity propounded by the late Francis Galton, we may find in the Quaker ancestry of the Reverend Daniel Trembley Hill, an explanation of the deeply meditative side of his nature, of that love of the soil and its cultivation which he retained throughout his life, and of the sound business sense that he possessed in a pre-eminent degree; but it would never account for his becoming a Baptist preacher, or for his aggressive championship of the Baptist faith in the Church Militant of his time.

It was from his mother, Juliana Reeder, daughter of Captain Jacob Reeder, and granddaughter of Nathaniel Jayne, both active participants in the War for Independence, that Daniel derived his fighting qualities and his militant faith. This lady came to Plainfield with her son when he assumed the pastorate of this Church, and resided with him until her death. It was her faith that led him to the Christian ministry and strengthened him in the strenuous pursuit of it.

Religious conviction had driven her ancestor, the Reverend William Jayne, to seek a home and a mission in America. An Oxford University scholar, he had become a dissenter, and thereby was deprived of a career as a minister in England. In 1678 he settled at Brookhaven, Long Island, where he lived to a great age as pastor of the Independent Church of that village. Eight thousand of his descendants, it is said, have actually been counted in the United States. A detachment of his family and another of the Reeders, who also had settled on Long Island, removed to Cornwall, Orange County, New York, where Nathaniel Jayne's daughter Sarah married Captain Jacob Reeder. So conspicuous for their patriotism were these two families, that in the town of Cornwall alone thirteen of their number, four Jaynes and nine Reeders, in 1757, before the Declaration of Independence, signed the Articles of Association, in which they pledged their lives and their fortunes to the Revolutionary cause. The Long Island branch of the

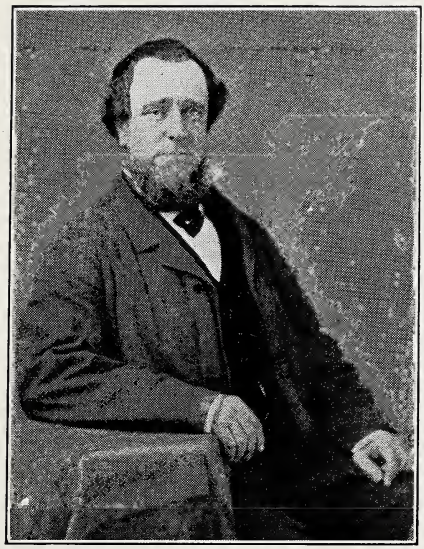
Jayne family was even more conspicuous in the war. Twenty-nine members of the tribe of Jayne were in one company, under the command of Captain William Jayne, and all are said to have been "either killed, wounded, or taken prisoners." Captain Reeder was engaged, among other activities, in forging and attaching the ponderous iron chain stretched across the Hudson River at the spot called Antony's Nose, to prevent the passage of British ships northward in their endeavor to form a junction with Burgoyne, who was moving down the river upon Albany from the north. The union, if effected, would have given the king's forces the complete command of the Hudson, which would no doubt have resulted in the defeat of Independence. The chain was eventually broken, but not until the sturdy defense of the local forts had so retarded the advance as to prevent Sir Henry Clinton from relieving Burgoyne and saving him from surrender,—an event which soon occurred and encouraged the French to make a treaty of alliance with the Americans; and thus was decided by their timely aid the fate of the struggling colonists, and perhaps, as events may prove, the future fate of the whole world. "From that day to this," writes a historian, "no foreign power has ever been able to pass up and down the Hudson River without doing homage to the American flag"; and it may be added, that every Great Power on earth has since saluted it with respect.

It was of these stern struggles for liberty that the child Daniel heard the story at his mother's knee, mingled with the other story of how the world was redeemed by a Saviour who perished on the cross. And thus deeply graven on his young heart were the two great tragedies that have made America what it is, —the tragedy of the progress of mankind toward a world to be ruled by law, and the tragedy of its progress toward a law inspired by love. Honor then to Juliana Reeder, patriot and saint, to whom so far as I know this is the first public tribute ever paid; but she was only one of many. Let all the patriotic and saintly mothers of America, past and present ,who have lived, and toiled, and sacrificed to raise up, inspire, solace or ennoble brave and thoughtful men to contend for the cause of human liberty, either in the field or in the forum, share the high honor which is their due.

It was by her own independent reading of the New Testament, over which she poured by the bright firelight when the day's work was done, or when the Sabbath rest and stillness called her thoughts toward Heaven, where some of her eight little children were already awaiting her, that Juliana Reeder became convinced of her personal duty as a follower of Christ, eager to obey to the letter every command of her Master, and so far departed from the practice of her learned Oxford ancestor as to submit to baptism in what she considered the Scriptural sense. This event occurred only a few months before her child Daniel was born; a circumstance which, in after years, led him in his humorous way to declare, that he was "a Baptist dyed in the wool"!

It is singular that this conscientious attempt to learn and put into practice the exact meaning of a New Testament command should ever have been considered as a sign of sectarian defection. If the New Testament is of divine authority, it is certainly deserving of a scrupulous interpretation. Upon the facts of New Testament practice high scholarship has never differed. The division of opinion has been altogether regarding the importance of a literal fulfilment of a divine command. I shall not here pursue this subject further than to say, that Juliana Reeder and her son were not ashamed to honor the practice and the command of their Master as they understood them. They were resolved to take their Saviour at His word.

What is of first importance in this connection is the question, whether



WILLIAM WHITE

Chairman of Building Committee who, in the middle of the Century, directed the erection of the Stone edifice of the First Baptist Church of Plainfield, in which the Centenary is celebrated.

life is to be controlled by personal conscience, or by convenience and the established usages of society. If by the former, there must of necessity be divergences of belief; and the rule of Christian liberty must, therefore, be respected. But if usage and convention are to be predominate, personal conscience has no function to perform. It may logically abdicate.

This, in a serious mind, is of course impossible. The whole system of Christian faith is built upon the consciousness of personal sin. Christ came into the world to save sinners. If this were a righteous world, there would be no need of His coming. Self-righteous men invariably reject Him. For them He has no meaning.

Regarded wholly from an external point of view, there is no standard but utility for judging what is right or wrong. Personal conscience alone reveals the reality of sin. Reformers busy themselves with trying to alleviate the external symptoms of human misery,—intemperance, marital infidelity, business cupidity, and so on. But it is sin that is the root of evil in the world,—the deliberate violation of a rule of right because this gratifies a personal inclination. We hear in our time much of the need of "Justice," of "Peace," of "Freedom"; but the inner proclivity of mankind to violate all of these is rarely mentioned. "Sin" has become an old-fashioned word, almost lost to the modern vocabulary, except in the pulpit. In truth, to many minds sin does not exist . Appetites, passions, and ambitions are regarded as biological functions, not subject to voluntary personal control; and the iniquities of life are attributed to forms of disease to be treated tenderly, or to alleged defects in existing social organization, like the wage-system for example, which are declared to be responsible for the crimes of thieves and murderers.

The nineteenth century preachers were not of this mind. They believed in individual responsibility. They believed, furthermore, in the necessity and the righteousness of punishment. They brought its penalties vividly before the mind, and when the conscience was once awakened on a matter of principle they did not hesitate to point the finger of accusation at the guilty culprit, and to cry out, "Thou art the man."

Confession, repentance, and new efforts with God's help to live a righteous life,—these were the trumpet-calls of that virile ministry. For them it was the individual that counted. Society, they thought, can no more be regenerated by mere reorganization than a bankrupt institution can be saved from ruin by opening a new set of books. When the individual is right, they believed the community will be right, and the world will be right. Until he is so,—and he will not be until he comprehends his place in the moral universe, and is ready to check his desires and perform his obligations in conformity with God's eternal laws of rectitude,—we shall have neither the peace of the world, nor social justice, nor common honesty in dealing in matters either great or small.

My father's convictions on this subject date from a very early period of his life. When only four years old, he made the startling discovery, in his own experience, of the reality of sin.

I recall with great distinctness the story of this discovery, told to me when he was more than seventy years old. His expression when he foreshadowed the gravity of its purport and his emotions during the narrative caused me to expect some terrible revelation, some disclosure of horrible wickedness, in dark contrast with his orderly and consecrated life. I remember, too, entertaining the thought that, perhaps, after all, I did not need to go back as far as Adam to find an apology for some of my own misdeeds. But in this I was quickly disappointed and rebuked. The simple story he told was such a complete anti-climax to my tragic expectations

that it seemed to me at the moment very amusing, and I repeat the substance of it here only to illustrate the intense introspection which was habitual with him and the delicacy of sentiment which had been developed in him even in his earliest years. As a child he had slept in the same room with an elder brother who, because of an accident, was confined to his bed. Kind neighbors, to cheer the child's pain and solitude, had sent to little Samuel, some cakes, and these treasures were kept in a small box under the boy's bed. In the night, the temptation came to little Daniel to slip over to Samuel's bed as he slept, and to take one of his precious cakes. Before he was fully conscious of what he was doing he had opened the box and taken the cake. Creeping back to his own bed he bit into the sweet morsel, but it seemed to turn to ashes on his lips. As in a flash, he saw himself a thief, and in danger of soon becoming a liar! The revelation swept over him, as he described it, as if a curse had been pronounced upon him. The horrible meanness of his act made him hate and scorn himself. Tears rushed to his eyes, his face burned with shame, and a cold sweat broke out on his body. Instantly, he rushed to his brother's bedside, woke him up, told him of what he had done, and asked his forgiveness.

It seems like a childish story, too trivial to stir anew in memory of an old man's emotions; but that narrative had a curious effect upon me. At the moment, in my self-sufficiency, I felt like saying, "And so you suffer yourself still to be sorry for an act so harmless, so easily repaired, and so readily forgiven"; but, as I reflected upon it, I looked into my father's face with a sense of awe and reverence. He had disclosed in the conscience of a little child the overflowing fountain of a divinely regulated life.

It was no wonder that Daniel Hill became a Minister of Christ. He needed no long discipline in theology. His mission was already clear. He had no doubts, he had no fears. He would have been shocked if he were told that a philosophical argument was necessary to prove the divine existence.

As a youth, he worked in his father's fields. He and his brother planted; but, to him, it was God who gave the increase. From this deep intuition his mind never wavered. And he was early resolved to be a co-worker with God, as the Scriptures taught him all men should be. But sin was in the world. Christ had come, not only to destroy its consequences, but to eradicate it from the human heart, where as a vestige of an animal inheritance it still continues to linger.

Men of great talents, standing on the threshold of a responsible life, often ask themselves, "What is my mission in life? What have I to do or to say in the world?" It would seem that Daniel Hill had no need to ask this question. From his boyhood a voice had been calling to him, calling in the glories of the day and in the watches of the night. Already he had received his marching orders. He knew that he was to be a preacher of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, the Saviour of mankind, from the hatefulness of sin.

I have dwelt a little on these experiences, because they serve to recall, in a concrete way, some of the great realities which the world is in danger of forgetting. Our age is so overcharged with preoccupations, motion has become so rapid and so universal, material gain has become so pressing and so attractive, that the spiritual life, the daily communion even with our better selves, is more than formerly crowded out of our existence. In these concrete examples drawn from an earlier time, there is no purpose to represent them as exceptional. On the contrary, I wish to emphasize their significance as forces underlying our historic development as a people. Particularly, I would bring it home to our thoughts that our material civilization is not all gain, and that

the simplicity of earlier days was not all loss.

In 1803, when my father was born, the territory of tne United States extended only to the Mississippi River. It was in that same year that President Jefferson completed the great transaction known as the "Louisiana Purchase," obtaining from Napoleon I, then at war with England, that vast domain for a price easily within the range of many now existing private fortunes. The Federal Constitution, which was to give such stability and prosperity to this country, and to serve as a model for so many experiments in government, had been in existence only fourteen years, and Washington had been dead only four years. It was not until 1804 ,that the first locomotive engine ever used was run on the coal-road at Merthyr Tydvil, in Wales. The first railway in America was not completed until twenty-three years afterward, in 1827, only a year before my father began his ministry with this Church. I well recall his account of his earliest distinct recollection as a child, when at the age of four, in 1807, he saw the first steamboat in the world, Robert Fulton's Clermont, come puffing and groaning, and shrieking up the Hudson River, amidst smoke and flame blazing high in the air from the pine wood used as fuel. "The terrible spectacle," writes a historian, "particularly after dark, appalled the crews of the sailing vessels, who saw it rapidly approaching against adverse wind and tide. Many of them fell on their knees in humble prayer for protection, while others disappeared beneath the decks or escaped to the shore." My father's account of the matter declared that the servant who had him in charge gathered him in her arms at this strange sight, and ran into the house, announcing that "the Devil was coming up the river on a raft."

It seems incredible that my father could have voted for John Quincy Adams for President of the United States, and might have shaken hands with every subsequent President down to Benjamin Harrison, or that he was already an ordained preacher when the Monroe Doctrine was first promulgated. Yet it is true that his life-term included most of the really important events in our entire national history. It is not without interest to note that a little more than a score of such lives would span the entire Christian Era, presenting a continuous channel for the transmission of the Christian tradition through all its vicissitudes. What a security is thus afforded to the integrity of the Written Word! An unbroken life-giving influence, an uninterrupted succession of witnesses, the Church unceasingly declaring to the world, through its living members, that Christianity is not merely a creed, but pre-eminently a life.

How constantly this life has entered into the development and destiny of our country we well know. Amidst a thousand obstacles and deflecting influences, it has vitalized our national character. Puritans, Quakers, Baptists, Presbyterians, Episcopalians, Unitarians and Catholics have all, in their own way, left their impress upon it, or upon some parts of it. But they have all, after their own fashion, reverenced one and the same Master, they have all felt the need of a Divine Redeemer.

I cannot believe that it was harmful to us as a people that the principle of perfect religious liberty came to be accepted in America as an inherent human right, which has been guaranteed to all in our Federal Constitution.

When, in 1828, Daniel Hill came to Plainfield, to be the pastor of this Church, the Baptist Brotherhood was not looked upon with favor by the ecclesiastical world. Baptists had suffered persecution in Massachusetts, they had won their liberty in Rhode Island, and they had drawn into their fellowship considerable numbers of adherents under the new rule of liberty, for which they had stoutly contended; but they still had to establish their

position as a religious body of permanent consequence.

From 1828 to 1839, "Dominie Hill," as he was called by those who employed this word, which the Dutch had corrupted from the Latin "dominus," preached the Gospel in this First Baptist Church of Plainfield. He brought to it no conspicuous learning, but he possessed the usual school education of his time supplemented by a love of books, an excellent memory, a clear and logical understanding, an earnest desire to learn, and a determination to "prove all things and hold fast that which is good." Like other pastors of his time, he lived simply; but substantially and in his own house; receiving a small salary, which, however, in purchasing power was far greater than it would now seem.

There is probably no one now living who can speak with knowledge of his personality or his ministry in that early time. It is doubtful also if any one now living remembers the young bride he brought with him to Plainfield, although the memory of her piety, her kindliness, and her cultivation lingered long afterward, and was revived by Mr. Hill's second ministry in Plainfield, as pastor of the Second Baptist Church from 1843 to 1853.

Although my mother died in in Carmel, New York, it is possible that she may still be remembered by some who knew her in this later period. She was the daughter of the Reverend William Catlin Thompson, a descendant of an old New York family, and at one time a resident and land owner in what is now Chatham Street in that city. Lydia Ann Thompson was well adapted to share the duties and responsibilities of the young preacher. Her father, although his grandmother was a French Huguenot, who had sought refuge in this country from persecution in her native land, had been originally a member of the Society of Friends; but as in the case of Juliana Reeder, and many others of that time, his private study of the Scriptures had led him to the ministry of the Baptist Church, and he had become a pastor at Newburgh, New York, on the Hudson.

I should not, perhaps, when speaking of the Christian Ministry, overlook the fact that the first child of this marriage, my eldest brother, who became the Reverend Isaac Newton Hill, and was for many years pastor at Elizabeth, New Market, and other places in New Jersey, and who must be well remembered by many persons in this vicinity, was brought to Plainfield, in 1818, as an infant, and received his earliest religious instruction in this church, later entering the University of the City of New York and afterward Madison University, finishing his preparation for his life-work in the Theological Seminary connected with that institution.

Like most of the preachers of his time, my father did not enjoy these advantages. But by diligent study he attained to a degree of knowledge and of culture that rendered this deprivation no great misfortune. A style clear, forceful, and correct in its diction, and always elevated and dignified in the substance it conveyed, marked his preaching. Next to the Bible, which he knew almost by heart, especially the New Testament, the British poets were his favorite reading. I well remember in his large collection of books the row of calf-bound volumes from which to my great delight he was accustomed to read aloud, often repeating long passages from memory.

I must not weary beyond measure the patience of this audience, but I cannot forebear making some reference to the theological conceptions which were dominant in my father's time and his relation to them as a preacher of Christ.

Taking the New Testament as his text-book, and finding in it no mention or suggestion of a systematic theology, he classed all such systems with other human sciences, which change from age to age and prove the folly of accepting any form of them as a finality.

The philosophy of the eighteenth century had ended in a cold and mechanical deism, basing the evidence of God's existence on the presence of apparent design in natural phenomena. As the mechanism of a watch, according to Paley's argument, proved the existence of a watchmaker, so the contrivances of the universe, and especially of the human body, proved the existence of a creative intelligence; but this was not supposed to prove that the Creator was any further interested in the ingenious mechanisms he had designed.

Bishop Butler, in his famous "Analogy," undertook to show that the facts of the natural world suggested the probability of a supernatural revelation; but, after all, this was only a probability. But it was answered, what if the natural world is a self-existent system, eternally reproducing its constituent forms by the shifting of its unknown and incalculable kaleidoscopic powers of indefinite transformation?

The test seemed to lie in biology. Charles Darwin's "Origin of Species" and "The Descent of Man," followed by Herbert Spencer's "Synthetic Philosophy," which traced the transformation of the homogeneous to the heterogeneous, to be followed by disintegration, and perhaps eventually by a new cycle of development, certainly did not seem to solve the chief problems of theology . It is true that Spencer left to speculative thought an unsolved problem of the "Unknowable," which Dean Mansel thought was a sufficient basis for a theology; but the agnostics regarded the matter differently, not unnaturally asking how a positive system could be erected on a foundation of ignorance?

But all this never in the least troubled my father. Never having depended upon a theological system for his religious faith, it was in no way affected by the toppling and fall of these mental structures. He simply opened his Bible and preached a sermon from the text, "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God"; and he knew it was true, for he had had the vision! Such a vision as has come to "certain of your own poets"† and has found expression in these lines:

God's universe is one. He is its Soul.
He vitalizes, guides, informs the whole.
Matter exists not as a lifeless thing;
But, full of sentience and obedience, spring
Suns, worlds and song-birds to make glad acclaim
Of unity of life in One Great Name.
In essence all is Spirit. Every clod
Attests its link and loyalty to God.
Attraction, gravitation, are but words
Hollow of meaning when the thought affords
No just relation to the Primal Force;
No hint of union to the Central Source.*

It was often my privilege when, on vacations, I came home from college, to discuss with him these great subjects; but where others wavered his faith was always serene and unfaltering. If geology proved that the earth was older than had generally been believed, this might be disastrous to Archbishop Usher's system of chronology, but it did not in any way affect the spiritual truth of the Bible. If man's bodily organism was the product of a long organic development, one could not conclude from this that it was any the less the result of a creative purpose, or that the human soul was not created in God's image.

Then came what was called the "Higher Criticism." This seemed to many, a fatal assault upon the very citadel of faith. But who had ever had the right to pretend that divine truth could be transmitted in written form except in the terms of man's experience, and through the avenues of human instrumentality? Had not St. Luke himself told us in what historical spirit he had gathered up and set in order the substance of the Gospel? The facts on which any intelligent account of the origin of the Scriptures rested

†Acts 17-28. *Survivals. L. V. F. Randolph.

might be misconceived, or a dull imagination might have formed crude images of some fancied process of inspiration; but what had all that to do with the spiritual realities revealed through the experience of prophets and apostles?
They told what they saw and felt, and our experience confirms the truth of what they wrote regarding the things of the spirit, which are the only things that count.

In all this it was the preacher, not the theologian, who spoke; for the preacher is a channel of personal conviction, while theology is a realm of philosophical discussion.

Dominie Hill never professed to be a theologian in any technical sense. In honor of his labors and attainments, in 1852, Madison University conferred upon him the degree of Master of Arts. If preaching is an art, then he was a master of at least one art. But his embarrassment at this distinction was so marked, that, although some of his friends thought he should be made a Doctor of Divinity, they were never sufficiently encouraged to carry the proposal into execution. There was, I fear, at the bottom of this modesty a certain pride that was unwilling to stoop to vanity; for more than once I heard him say, "Henry Ward Beecher is not a Doctor of Divinity, and is unwilling to be one. He prefers to be only a preacher."

I think he really thought that to be a preacher of Christ was the highest earthly honor, or at least the most real one. His great solicitude was not as to what the schools said, or even what the Church said, but what the "New Testament" said. And he loved to quench his thirst at the fountain. When he was eighty years old, I wanted to make him a Christmas present, and I tried to find out what would please him best. I discovered that what he most desired was an authoritative text of the "Greek Testament" in very large type; and this was sent him, to his great delight.

Believing implicitly in the power of the Gospel to save mankind, he thought it was intended to save them now, in this world, and not merely for the next. It has been generally held by the Christian Ministry in America, that, although religion is not a State institution, Christianity is an essential part of the life of the country, and that its government should be guided in all its relations by its principles. As a rule, mere party politics have been avoided in the pulpit; but in the great national crisis, where moral questions were involved, the influence of the Christian Ministry has been immense. In the days of the contest over slavery, and in the War for the Union, congregations were not infrequently divided; but the pulpit was not silent. I recall how earnestly my father, for example, not only voted for Abraham Lincoln, but publicly prayed for and openly defended his aims and his policies. Throughout the more than sixty years of his public ministry, continued almost uninterruptedly until his death, on February 3, 1887, at the age of eighty-four, he belonged to that valiant army of fearless soldiers of the cross, that by its teaching and its influence, fostered by perfect religious liberty, has made possible that other American army which, at the call of humanity, has sprung into existence almost as if by magic, and is now standing guard over the fate of Europe and the World.

In saying this I would not be misunderstood. I have spoken in the concrete, because this centennial anniversary naturally recalls specific memories. It is this Church and the former pastors of this Church that are in our thoughts in this hour; but it is, perhaps, not unfitting to recall what such centres of Christian life and influence mean for our country. In making clear that meaning, we claim for this Church and for its representatives no exceptional importance. But the occasion may permit us to express the conviction, that, speaking generally, without the teaching of Christ and his ministry, the recent, or, must I say, the present, battle for civilization would not and could not have

been fought. Without that teaching, it is doubtful if this nation, actuated by no mercenary motive, would have constituted without a murmur of dissent, equipped, sustained, and transported across the ocean the force which, in co-operation with nations that have suffered much more terribly than ourselves, has brought to humiliation and defeat the revival of pagan purposes and barbaric practices that has menaced the very existence of civilization. We may truly say, that the Red Cross, which has inspired the most stupendous achievement of human charity that has ever existed in the world, is Christ's cross; and that, by the side of the strictly military action which without an unselfish devotion to duty would not have been possible, the world has never known armies so supported and strengthened, in the camp and in the field, as the American army has been by the Christian Associations that have contributed to its health, its courage, and its morale. And in the peace that is to follow, and the organization for the maintenance of justice among the nations that we hope for and expect, we may look for another triumph of the spirit and the law of Christ.

"One Generation Shall Praise Thy Works to Another." *Psalm* 145:4

WOMAN'S WORK

THE STORY OF THE CENTURY

Prepared by Mrs. B. J. Shreve

Presented in three periods by Mrs. B. J. Shreve, 1818-1868; Mrs. Charles H. Smith, 1868-1893; Mrs. F. K. Anderson, 1893-1918

A hundred years of common life,
Of common hopes and fears,
Of daily tasks, with pleasure rife,
Commingled smiles and tears.

A century at work with God!
Inspired with motives pure,
Co-workers with the Power divine
Wrought deeds that shall endure.

In the "historical twilight" of a century ago, we see dimly the twenty-three women, who, with eleven men, formed the nucleus of the church society whose centennial is celebrated at this time. Nine of the twenty-three women bore the name of Randolph.

As far as we know, there is no record of woman's work in the church during the pastorates of the Rev. Jacob F. Randolph and the Rev. Daniel T. Hill. We find the record that in 1819 a chorister was appointed to lead the singing in the church, and we may be sure that the twenty-three women did their part in singing the songs of Zion.

The church records also state that in 1830 the Rev. Daniel T. Hill, in spite of much opposition, succeeded in establishing a Sunday School with forty members, mainly adults. From her natural genius for Sunday School work, we judge that the women and girls of that early church were members of the experimental school. Doubtless, too, they took an active part in the management of Donation parties when the salary of the minister was $250 per annum. To them also would naturally fall the care of baptismal robes, linen and communion service, and later the making of cushions and carpets when the times warranted such luxuries. Of their earnest prayers, broad sympathies and kindly ministrations there can be no question, for to the elderly church

women of that period was given the title, "Mothers of Israel."

The writer of this sketch was born in 1839, the year that the Rev. Simeon Drake commenced his pastorate of the church. In those days of large families, limited domestic service and strict church-going notions, children were taken to religious services at an early age. I remember the old church with its high-backed pews and closed doors fastened with a button where for years, I have little recollection except of dressing my fingers with my handkerchief and the ribbons of my bonnet strings and envying the minister his ability to take a glass of water whenever he desired.

Of the communion service I have a vivid recollection. My parents had me remain to this service, probably to keep me out of mischief, but no memory of the old church stands out like that of the communion service once in three months. Following the preparatory service on Saturday afternoon, at which time candidates for church membership were baptized in the brook in the rear of the church, the simple service became to a child's mind a most impressive ceremonial. Mr. Drake always broke the bread and guided the minds of his audience with allusions to the significance of the service and the blessings to be derived from its observance. When the plates were returned by the deacons, they were never empty, and Mr. Drake always said, "There is bread enough and to spare." As a child, I learned to watch for this expression, and it became in later years, when I was not numbered with the childre nof God, a sentence full of accusation. It showed me that I had not availed myself of a privilege that was mine, and more than any other influence led me to wish to be a sharer with God's people in the gifts of divine grace.

During the early years of Mr. Drake's ministry, the women of the church formed themselves into an organization called "The Female Prayer Meeting," which gathered at the homes of the members. The women also sewed for the poor of the church and community and called themselves "The Dorcas Society."

Unity of thought that has developed in modern times in the federation of Christian work must have inspired the formation of the "Female Union Prayer Meeting" where prayer services were held in the homes of the various denominations.

Records are lost of the Grande Ligne Missionary Society ,a band of the younger women of the church, who met one day of each month to sew for this mission started in 1837 among French Canadians. This organization was semi-social, the members being entertained with supper at the home of the hostess, and the brethren coming in the evening.

Previous to the organization of this church, the Christian world had been thrilled with the words and deeds of Thomas Cary and Adoniram Judson who went to Burma as missionaries when the Baptist denomination had as yet no Foreign Missionary Society. Many said these men were in advance of their times, but God knew and we know that they were in obedience to God's command, they were simply "keeping step with the music of God's providence." Mr. Drake was a man of broad enough mind and clear enough vision to grasp the significance of world-wide missions and a missionary society was organized in this church in 1850. A monthly concert of prayer was conducted once a month, when the Sunday evening service was devoted to reading from the Missionary Magazine and prayers were offered by the laymen of the congregation for the success of missions.

Interest in missions was also stimulated at this time by the presence in the church of the Rev. James Haswell and family. Mr. Haswell was a missionary from Burma, whose furlough was spent in a home just below this church. Through his influence, a Mite Society for missions was established in

the Sunday School in 1854. His daughter, Julia Haswell, afterwards the wife of Rev. Dr. Vinton of Burma is well remembered as a schoolmate under the instruction of Mrs. Martin Giles, at her home, corner of Cherry and Second Sts., the site of the Plainfield Trust Co. today. She spent her life in honored service as a missionary in Burma, but mayhap, she did a child's service in the village church as it then was.

Mrs. Drake, the wife of the pastor, is pleasantly recalled as a dainty little lady, city-bred, who did not hesitate to admit that when she married Mr. Drake he was a business man, with good prospects and she never expected to be a minister's wife. However, her loyalty to God and her husband made her a cheerful sharer in his burdens and a faithful friend and helper in the activities of the church. She survived her husband twelve years, living with her daughter, Mrs. Samuel T. Varian, of East Front St. The last and youngest of six children, Mrs. Varian passed away last May at her home in East Orange, aged 82 years.

The Civil War in 1861 effected a great change in the status of the women of America. The thinking woman was encouraged to a fuller expression of her thoughts by word and pen and a broader participation in the activities of the church and the community. Her endeavors in sanitary measures and her relief of the sick and wounded of her country's fighting armies were gratefully accepted and heartily applauded. We recall the Sanitary Fair in New York City ,to which some members of this church were delegates. It was held in the Crystal Palace, built for the World's Fair in 1853.

A copy of the Plainfield Union, October 21, 1862, contains a paragraph from the secretary of the Ladies' Union Patriotic Association acknowledging the receipt of a letter from the U. S. Sanitary Commission, telling of the safe arrival of five boxes of hospital supplies sent by the First and Second Presbyterian. Methodist Episcopal, and First, Second and Union Baptist Churches of this town. With the cordial thanks of the commission was the following appeal: "We are very much in need of underclothing of every description. Woolen garments are preferred. Knitted woolen socks are very desirable. Dried apples are also asked for. It takes a vast supply to fill all the demands made upon us by the different hospitals, but we know our kind friends will not fail us.' '

The meetings of this association are chronicled in a diary still extant, where are records of scraping lint and making garments for the soldiers one afternoon and evening of each week. The evening meetings were attended by the patriotic clergy, as well as the laity.

The main channel of benevolence at this time is told by a woman just outside of this city, who was solicited to contribute to the Sanitary Fair. Her reply was, in a kind of hopeless way, "I never give nothin' to nobody. I always leave it to him," indicating with a nod of her head, her husband in an adjoining field.

With purity of aim and honesty of endeavor, which characterized good women of this period, they were worthy of the praise given to Mary, "She hath done what she could," but the day was dawning when it would be said as truly, "She hath done what she thought she could not do."

When in 1862, the Rev. Simeon J. Drake, a man dearly loved and greatly honored, was laid to rest, there came to us as pastor, the Rev. David J. Yerkes, who gave to the woman's work of the church his full appreciation, his sympathizing co-operation and his inspirational advice. His wife, Mrs. Yerkes, was like Priscilla, "a true helper in Christ Jesus," accepting the duties of a pastor's wife with a fidelity that won for her the love and esteem of a large congregation, during a long life. Of the woman's work for the following quarter of a century, who so well fitted to tell the story

as Mrs. Charles H. Smith, a daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Yerkes, herself a sharer in this woman's work?

1868—WOMAN'S WORK—1893

Memory has chronicled many happy events connected with the coming of my parents into this church and community in 1863, when I was a child. Uniform kindness marked our reception and to the women of the church especially, we are indebted for thoughtful consideration, during my father's pastorate of more than forty years.

At the beginning of this quarter of a century, woman's work in the church was willing-hearted but desultory and less effective than when organized effort for Christian work and influence came into being.

Mrs. William White and Mrs. Evan Jones will be recalled by older members of the church for their solicitude for Myassah and Yaba, two Korean boys, educated by this church, to whom they gave motherly care during the boys' vacations. Mrs. White also looked after their clothing during the years of their college student life.

In 1873, the call for help from the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society with headquarters at Boston, re-echoed from missionaries on the foreign field, resulted in the organization of a Woman's Foreign Missionary Society by the women of the Second Baptist Church and this church. The officers elected were: President, Mrs. William C. Butler; vice-presidents, Mrs. T. K. Howlett, wife of the pastor of the Second Baptist Church, and Mrs. D. J. Yerkes; recording secretary, Mrs. B. J. Shreve; corresponding secretary, Mrs. T. F. French; treasurer, Mrs. E. W. Runyon. Of the officers elected that day, it can be said they had staying power at least. Mrs. Butler, president, held that office, with rare ability, until her death, a period of nearly twenty-one years, Mr. Yerkes, vice-president, retained the office until her death, over forty years. The Society never knew during its existence of forty-one years but one secretary, Mrs. Shreve. Of the Executive Board appointed at that time, Mrs. David J. Boice served in that capacity during her life time, thirty-four years, and of the collectors appointed at that time, Mrs. Alexander Thorn and Miss Clara Yerkes, now Mrs. Charles H. Smith, have served consecutively until the present time. Others who joined us later and gave long time and faithful service were Mrs. S. T. Wilson, Mrs. Frank H. Biglow, who was a member of the Executive Board for twenty-seven years, and Mrs. Anna M. Rhees who served as vice-president and manager for fifteen years while a resident of this city. Mrs. A. W. Johnson and Miss Anna White were made honorary collectors in recognition of long and faithful service. Mrs. Butler was succeeded in the presidency by her daughter, Miss Linda D. Butler, Mrs. Reuben Knox, Mrs. J. A. Chambliss and Mrs. Martin I. Cooley.

Besides the regular contributions to this society, special gifts have been made for memorials, life memberships and thank offerings. Many of these have been devoted to special work abroad and some of these annual gifts have been kept up to the present time. A notable one was the annual gift for eight years of $100 by Charles K. Francis, while a resident of this city, in memory of his mother, Hannah Cauldwell Francis, a pioneer in missionary work.

This church has also been a sharer with other missionary circles in the state, in the education of young women for the foreign field, most of them becoming medical missionaries. The seal of God's approval has been set on this work in the service of women like Dr. Ida Faye Levering, who for nearly thirty years has honored God and Womanhood in her life and labors in India. Others are Miss Mary Faye of India, Miss Minnie Carpenter of Japan, Miss Rachel Davis, Miss Julia Shinn, now Mrs. Wallace St. John

of Rangoon, Burma, Dr. Alice Smith Baker of China, Dr. Margaret Warlow, Dr. Anna Degenring and Dr. Maud Kinnaman of Nellore, India.

In 1885, the women of the Park Ave. Church organized a society of their own membership. While we missed them as comrades and fellow helpers, they are to be congratulated on their faithful service and the great results they have achieved in their own church.

The Woman's Home Missionary Society was organized in 1878, after a visit from Mrs. Krause of Chicago, who was a guest at my father's house and who reluctantly occupied the pulpit one Sunday morning. She made a strong appeal to Baptist women to organize a society in aid of missionaries in this country, to befriend the immigrants and to bring Christ into the homes of our own land. Her appeal met with a hearty response and a society was organized from the women of the Park Ave. Baptist Church and this church. The first board of officers elected was: President, Mrs. E. J. Chaffee; vice-presidents, Mrs. D. J. Yerkes and Mrs. Joseph Stockbridge; secretary, Miss Libbie Heininger, now Mrs. Lebbeus Manning; treasurer, Mrs. Anna M. Rhees. Succeeding presidents were Mrs. Heman L. White, Mrs. Robert Lowry and Mrs. D. J. Yerkes, who accepted the office in 1882 and held it for twenty-four years when she was made honorary president and was succeeded by Mrs. Reuben Knox. She was still president when the missionary societies were consolidated in 1914.

The names of the members of the Home and Foreign Missionary Societies have always been the same and the methods of the two societies have been in parallel lines in many of their features. The Home Society, like the Foreign, has received special gifts for life memberships, memorials, thank offerings and now Conquest Bonds. These gifts have been devoted to special work in the West and among the Indians and Mexicans. They also have aided in the education of young women for missionary work, and in 1908 contributed $300 for a room in the new building of the Training School at Chicago. They have also raised $500 for the erection of a church in Mixcoac, Mexico.

In addition to these gifts, the women of the Home Society have met at stated periods to sew for needy schools and ministers' families in the South, West and city missions in New York. Many valuable boxes and barrels of clothing have been sent to Alaska, the South, West and Mexico, and whole families have been fitted out with clothing to relieve need and suffering. In 1894 the late Dr. Morehouse remarked to members of this church, "Do you think I have travelled over the western fields and slept in the homes of needy missionaries without knowing something of the luxury of the Plainfield bedding?"

In 1887, the women of the Park Ave. Church organized a society in their own church, withdrawing from our membership.

In 1885, work among the children was inaugurated by Mrs. J. W. Vail. This group of boys and girls was afterwards called "The Gold Dust Band" under the leadership of Miss Isabel Butler. Through its agency, missionary work was encouraged among the children until 1900, when the society disbanded, no leader being found for it.

The story of the Young Women's work is one of growth and development. In 1873, a number of school girls held a prayer meeting at the home of Mrs. W. C. Butler, where the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society held many of its meetings, as well as at the home of Mrs. Elston Marsh. Organization was in the air they breathed, and they were organized into the "Prayer Meeting Band." The first year of their organization, they contributed to the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society $25 to make Mrs. D. J. Yerkes a life member of the society. The money was sent to Miss Haswell's school in Burmah to educate a native girl, Mah Myah. Miss Belle Butler was the first presi-

dent. In 1876, the society was full fledged with the following officers: President, Miss Hattie Coon, now Mrs. Calvin Boice; vice president, Miss Mary White; secretary, Miss Belle Butler; treasurer, Miss Sarah Jones, now Mrs. J. A. Powlison. All of these officers are identified with the Woman's society today, Mrs. Powlison being our honored president. This youthful group was named the "Mah Myah Band" which name they kept until Mah Myah's education was completed and also that of Mah Mee, another native girl. The development of those girls across the seas was most interesting, as noted by the missionaries in their correspondence with the Band. In 1884 there are records in the society of a visit to this country of Mah Myah in company with Miss Barrows, a missionary from Burma. She said that to Mah Myah, all of America meant simply Plainfield and the Mission Band that had given to this heathen girl her chance. The secretary, Miss Grace Yerkes (Mrs. Worthington Page), records the pleasure of the society in welcoming Mah Myah to their December meeting, and describes Mah Myah's enthusiastic delight when, as a guest with Miss Barrows in her father's house, she beheld for the first time a real American Christmas tree with its gifts and lighted candles, symbols of love and good will. A few years later, the Band received invitations to the wedding of Mah Wyah to a native pastor in Burma.

The girls' band with the added dignity of years became the "Young Ladies' Missionary Society" auxiliary to the Women's Societies until their consolidation in 1914. The presidents succeeding Mrs. Hattie Coon Boice were Miss Belle Butler, Miss Sarah Jones, now Mrs. J. A. Powlison, Miss Louise Taylor, Miss Grace Yerkes, Miss Anna Strong, Mrs. L. H. Biglow, Jr., Mrs. George H. Batchelor, Mrs. DeWitt Brokaw, Miss Hattie R. Shreve, Mrs. J. B. Probasco, Miss Helen Armstrong, Miss Elizabeth Nash and Mrs. Albert Kennelly.

During these years the Ladies' Aid Society looked after the needy in the church and Sunday School.

Prior to this period, the choir of the church, under the leadership of Mr. Andrew Vanderbeek, included a number of faithful women, who gave their musical gifts to the service of song in the sanctuary. At the beginning of this quarter of a century, the leadership was accepted by Mr. Charles W. McCutchen who has the distinguished honor of half a century's service as musical director, to the glory of God and to the comfort of the church. Among the women who gave their helpful assistance for varied lengths of service were Mrs. Halstead Compton. Mrs. Bessie Blair Case, Mrs. Martin I. Cooley, Mrs. George A. Chapman and Miss Gussie Runyon.

In work for Missions, as in most church work, much of the good accomplished lies out of sight and only God knows the connection between cause and effect, but some of the fruitage of the seed sown years ago, has come to light, as the years have developed life and character.

To Mrs. F. K. Anderson falls the happy task of recording some of the fruits of the years, for in work for God, we never write "Finis" but "to be continued" for the glory of God and the honor of His Kingdom.

1893—WOMAN'S WORK—1918

With a background of seventy-five years of endeavor, the women of this church entered on the closing quarter of a century with enthusiasm and confidence, born of past success and future hope.

The Woman's Foreign Missionary Society, in the maturity of twenty-one years, stood with bowed heads and heavy hearts, for to them had come the grief that came to Elisha, the Lord had taken away our Master. Mrs. William C. Butler, who in burden-bearing had carried more than her own share, passed from "the shadow into the shining" and Mrs. Yerkes, the first vice-president, did the gracious service for two years of filling an office

without the name, declining the presidency offered her. Mrs. Butler was not only president of the church society, she was also president of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of New Jersey, and was vice-president of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society with headquarters at Boston. As a memorial to Mrs. Butler, the state societies contributed $1,000 to build a room in Hazeltine House, Newton Centre, Mass., then in process of erection for a home for missionary students in training for the foreign field. This room is named the Emily C. Butler room and is occupied by students from New Jersey. This memorial is in line with the reward promised to the giver of the alabaster box, "This shall be told for a memorial of her."

In 1911 Mrs. John D. Runyon and her sister, Miss Anna E. Boice, built a memorial chapel at the Mary L. Colby home, Yokohama, Japan, in honor of their mother, Mrs. Rachel C. Boice.

One of the first special gifts made to the missionary society was the annual gift of $35 by Mrs. L. W. Serrell, to educate a heathen girl in Miss Haswell's school. This girl was to bear the name of Mary Serrell Nesbit in memory of Mr. Serrell's sister, who was a missionary in Burma years ago. Advices from Burma in this last period have borne testimony to the high type of Christian this girl became and the good accomplished by her in her native land.

About two years ago, the Rev. Dr. W. Roberts, a missionary from Burma, addressed a meeting in this church and referred to Ah Soo, a Burmese convert, who became pastor of the Baptist church in Moulmein, and who refused to give up his pastorate to accept a lucrative position with the British Government. Several members of the old Mah Myah Band in the 19th century recognized this man of efficiency and sterling integrity as the husband of Mah Myah to whose wedding they were invited in 1888. Letters from Dr. Roberts later, confirmed their conjecture and told of Ah Soo's nobility of character, of his home life and added that the grown daughters of Mah Myah and Ah Soo were teachers in the Christian schools. Surely "One generation shall praise Thy works to another."

Time fails to tell of other girls, two trained each year in Miss Converse's school, Yokohama, Japan, Bible women supported by Miss Elizabeth Cadmus and Mrs. Gaunt, the oldest member of the church, and many special gifts for special work, the names of some giving always being withheld.

During this period, when Dr. Yerkes was succeeded by Dr. Chambliss, the woman's work received his thorough appreciation and hearty co-operation. In the life and example of his wife, Mrs. Chambliss, there was found an inspjiration to good works and the faithful performance of duty. Both the Home and Foreign Missionary Societies prospered under her watchful care, as well as other organizations in which the church was interested.

A beautiful benefaction of the church has been its share in the Home for the Aged at Newark. Mrs. Wm. White, Mrs. John D. Runyon and Mrs. Oliver B. Leonard had much influence in the establishment and erection of the buildings in 1891. Five members of this church have enjoyed the comforts of this attractive Home, four of them having ended their days amid its pleasant surroundings. Besides contributions from the church and individuals, members from this church give their personal supervision to the affairs of the Home one day of each month. The managers at the present time are Mrs. George F. White, Miss Laura Runyon and Miss Anna E. Boice.

The story of the Woman's work in this church would be incomplete if no mention were made of the Sunday School. Reared in the nursery of the church, girls have grown into womanhood, taking their places in different departments of the

school, some of them serving more than half a century. Mrs. George Robins has the honorable position of Assistant Superintendent. Mrs. Frank W. Jones is superintendent of the Junior Department, with Miss Sara Conover assistant.

Mrs. J. Herbert Case is the superintendent of the Beginners' Department.

Mrs. J. A. Powlison has been the superintendent of the Primary Department for forty-five years, giving the work much time and thought. Only the Heavenly records can unfold the influence that has gone out from this base of supplies. Members of the Cradle Roll have been gathered in and prayed for before they were attendants of the school. When old enough to become members of the Primary Department, they have come not as strangers, but as children taking an expected place where they belong and where they are welcomed gladly. Interest in Missions is started here, one Sunday of each month having some time devoted to this subject. Miss Mary White has been a helpful assistant in this department for many years. The Cradle Roll in the Sunday School and the Baby Band in the Missionary Society are agencies through which boys and girls are identified with the interests of Christ's Kingdom that may be life long in their influence.

Among the large classes in the school that of Mrs. Lewis Matlack, numbering one hundred young women must exert an influence for incalculable good in the church and the community.

A valuable adjunct to the Sunday School is the Home Department, established in 1896 by Miss Julia Shinn, now Mrs. Wallace St. John, of Rangoon, Burma. She was succeeded in the superintendency by Miss Laura Runyon, Mrs. Calvin Boice, Mrs. J. G. McLaughlin, Miss Jennie Whitney and Miss Mary White, the present incumbent.

We find records of the Judson Junior Band in 1906, when work among the boys and girls of the church was carried on under the direction of the Woman's Missionary Societies. Mrs. Reuben Knox gave this band much time and interest. This band was organized into the Judson Junior Templars in 1912 under the supervision of Mrs. L. E. Rising. Boys as well as girls shared the honors and responsibility of office. Their presidents have been Miss Dorothy Lee, Randolph M. Stelle, Anna Sherwin, Emily Pilger, Mildred Weiss, Corrine Lane, Charles White and Randolph Douglass. Mrs. John R. Hefti succeeded Mrs. Rising in the superintendency in 1914 and Mrs. Randolph Chandler is the newly elected superintendent.

Other organizations have been the Hasbur group with Mrs. Gifford Cooley its first president. She was succeeded by Mrs. Fred Smith and Miss Ray Harris. This band with the Sunshine group, under Mrs. Lucy Douglass Day, president, has been merged into the World Wide Guild, with chapters under the supervision of Mrs. J. Herbert Case. The Young Ladies' Missionary Society at the present date has the following officers: President, Miss Corrine Tennyson; vice-president, Miss Emily Pilger; secretary, Miss Lillian Fountain; treasurer to be elected.

The new office of Deaconess was instituted in 1912, their duties including whatever helpful aid women might render the deacons in their care for the general welfare of the church, material as well as spiritual. Those who have served in this capacity are: Mrs. J. L. Manning, president, Mrs. Robert Barnes, Mrs. Frank W. Jones, Mrs. Arthur M. Harris, Mrs. Chas. E. Conover, Mrs. Wilbur Randolph, Mrs. J. A. Powlison and Miss Anna E. Boice, secretary; Mrs. F. S. Thompson (removed to Connecticut), Mrs. George Brown (resigned), Mrs. George H. Batchelor (deceased).

As time developed unity of thought and purpose in the Women's Missionary Societies of the city, a Federation of Home and Foreign Missionary Societies of the Evangelical churches was formed in

1912. Each church in this organization elects a representative of the Home and Foreign Missionary Societies to arrange for public meetings and secure unity of interest. The representatives of this church at the present time are Mrs. Arthur Harris and Miss May Shreve.

In 1913, the Rev. Dr. Philip B. Strong, recently called to the pastorate of this church, gave the woman's work his cordial endorsement and helpful co-operation. The Missionary Institute arranged by him, elicited much interest and enthusiasm. The Park Ave. Church was a sharer in the exercises and exhibit, which was pronounced a remarkable one by authorities competent to judge.

In 1914 the Woman's Home and Foreign Missionary Societies with the Young Ladies' Society consolidated in one organization, hoping for greater efficiency. The officers elected were: President, Mrs. Martin I. Cooley; vice presidents, Mrs. B. J. Shreve, Mrs. Reuben Knox, Miss Margaret McCutchen; recording secretary, Mrs. George Robins; corresponding secretary, Mrs. Arthur M. Harris; treasurer, Mrs. DeWitt Brokaw; assistant treasurer, Miss Elizabeth Nash. Mrs. Cooley was succeeded by Mrs. J. H. Buchanan in the office of president. Officers serving for the ensuing year are: President, Mrs. J. A. Powlison; vice presidents, Mrs. F. K. Anderson, Miss Amy Conant, Mrs. J. Herbert Case; recording secretary, Mrs. Clarence Murphy; corresponding secretary, Mrs. John R. Hefti; treasurer, Miss Sara Conover; assistant treasurer, Mrs. Samuel P. Case.

The titles of organizations during the century have represented the trend of thought and development in each period. In the early part of the 19th century the title was "Female Societies," past the middle of the century the title was "Ladies' Organizations," and later it has been "Woman's," best and highest.

The thanks of the women of this church are due both the pastors and laymen for their kind encouragement and courteous consideration as they have prosecuted their work. They have obeyed the apostolic injunction, "Help those women who have labored with me in the Gospel," and have given the various women's organizations a free hand in their management and control.

For any church or organization to secure a place on the Honor Roll is cause for congratulation. This church has won such a place in the records of contributions to Missions, having given a larger amount per capita for the whole membership than any other Baptist Church in the State. Women and girls are sharers in this honor and this responsibility.

As we have told you the story of the century, memory has been busy in every listening mind and heart, for there have come remembrances of the comrades who have been numbered with us, and who have gone up higher. Only twelve of the one hundred and twenty-six constituent members of the missionary society are with us now, and only eight of the Prayer Meeting Band.

"The workers fall,—the work goes on."

For the past four years the women of this church, with the women of the whole country, have borne the burdens imposed upon them by this "cruel war," which has threatened civilization even. In Red Cross work, as nurses, in camps and canteens, in Christian Association work, in business and common labor at home and abroad, women and girls have given royal service for God, our country and the world. Our boys in camps and trenches have had comforts and ministrations that no army has ever had before because women's hearts have been stirred the world over, and womens' hands have been outstretched in willing service.

Miss Anna Conant, Miss Hazel Greenleaf and Miss Nellie Pickering in camp work here and Miss Madeline Evans and Miss Margaret McCutchen, "over there," are among our church members who

have given unselfish service for God and the world in this world crisis.

More than ever is the world's need of strong, Christian women. With fire and blood God has taught the world that "He has made out of one blood all the nations of the earth," and the call of God is the world's call for Christ, whose witnesses we are. With the heritage of one hundred years to enjoy and build upon, let the young women of this church, especially, give God their heart's deepest devotion and their life's best service. The past inspires it; the present demands it; the future beckons to a higher goal.

The Centenary services were a privilege and a joy to the large audiences in attendance on Sunday and Monday, November 24th and 25th, 1918. The weather was perfect. The pastor's sermon on Sunday day evening was impressive and inspiring. The music by the choir was soul-stirring. The social gathering and refreshments on Monday evening were heartily enjoyed. A spirit of enthusiastic gratitude pervaded these assemblies. The general committee in charge of the Centenary arrangements was as follows:

Chairman, L. V. F. Randolph; vice chairman, Charles W. McCutchen; secretary of committee, Mrs. Robert Lowry; program committee, chairman, J. Herbert Case, Mrs. A. L. Kennelly, Walter C. Dobbins; music committee, Howard M. Case, Charles W. McCutchen; finance committee, J. Herbert Case, Alexander Gilbert, John G. McLaughlin; social committee, Mrs. Samuel Case, Mrs. G. H. Robins resigning; E. L. Bonny, Wilbur W. F. Randolph and the Rev. Dr. Philip B. Strong.

The committee for the woman's meeting was as follows:

Chairman, Mrs. A. L. Kennelly; presiding chairman, Mrs. Martin I. Cooley; history, Mrs. B. J. Shreve; invitations, Miss Ida Yerkes; decorations, Mrs. Arthur M. Harris and Mrs. Walter M. McGee; music, Mrs. J. Herbert Case; publicity, Miss Sara Conover; ushers, Mrs. Francis K. Anderson.

CENTENARY POEM

We sing a hundred years today
Since common Faith and common Hope
First raised their altar on this slope,
Where men and women knelt to play,
Whence went forth, armed with life to cope.

The quiet village echoed then
The daily coach's lusty horn,
And girt with fields of waving corn,
Rose the plain Church, inspiring men
To walk with God, through Christ re-born.

Here women learned the grace to serve,
The patience that in quiet waits,
Wisdom to rule within their gates
Their little kingdoms, and the nerve
To meet unbowed the shocks of Fate.

The Heavenly Vision here they caught,
That sent their love around the earth
To waken in the soul's new birth
Children of God, as yet untaught
To claim their heritage of worth.

O Women of this Church! Today
'Tis yours to prove these hundred years
Of Faith and Vision,—prayer and tears—
Have not been lived in vain, and pay
Your debt to those your love reveres.

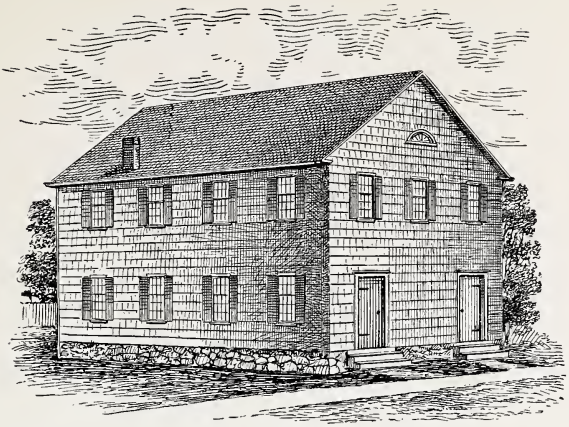
'Tis yours to arm your sons for war,
Dry-eyed. to bid them all "God-speed!"
That in their Country's hour of need
They fail her not. Be you their power
Who with their life-blood write their creed.

The Faith that laid this altar stone
Flings now our banner to the fight.
The Hope that shed its beacon light
Down the long years then all unknown,
Assures the victory of Right.

We hear no more the old coach horn,
But troop train whistles, long and shrill.
Gun-forge, munition plant and mill
Replace the fields of waving corn.

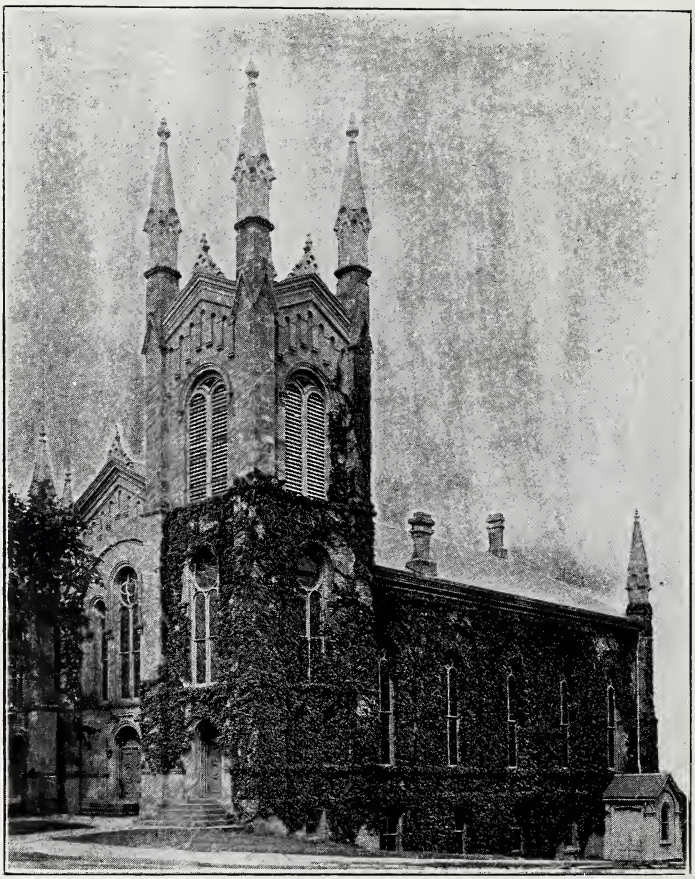
But through the night of battle born
From France's quivering trenches, still
Point our brave towers—and ever will—
The pathway to the Gates of Morn.

—Margaret W. McCutchen.



First Meeting Place of Congregation

Church Edifice—Erected at Organization, 1818



Present Edifice—Dedicated 1868

The HF Group
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